

JULY 11, 1903.

The Academy and Literature



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The Academy and Literature.

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THE LITERARY WEEK 27

REVIEWS.

Butler's "Hudibras"	31
The Popish Plot. A Study in the History of the Reign of Charles II.	32
New Conceptions in Science	33
Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, 1883-1900	34
War-Songs of Britain	35
The Olympiad: Classic Tales in Verse	36

SHORT NOTICES:

Milton on the Continent—Horses Nine—By a Northern Sea—La Crise du Trade-Unionisme	33
---	----

FICTION:

Beggar's Manor—London Roses—Sir Anthony and the Ere Lamb	38
Notes on the Week's Novels	38

ARTICLES.

A GREAT MYSTIC	39
Books Too Little Known: Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's Tales	40
Impressions—An Ascent from Grocery	41
DRAMA:	
The Point of Honour. E. K. Chambers	42
ART:	
Some Small Shows. C. L. H.	43
SCIENCE:	
Swimming. C. W. Saleeby	44
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Tennyson's Suppressed Poems	45
"Sinfi Lovell" and "Rhona Boswell"	45
WEEKLY COMPETITION:	
Description of a Summer Evening, either in verse or prose	45

The Literary Week.

WE have received since our last issue forty-three new works, and seven new editions, including volume five, the second in order of publication, of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Lamb." This volume contains the Poems and Plays, an introduction, and one hundred pages of notes. The fiction of the week includes a novel by the Rev. George Lorimer of New York, father of the author of "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son." Among the new books we note the following:—

THE MEDIAEVAL STAGE. 2 vols. By E. K. Chambers.

A work of great interest and remarkable research. Mr. Chambers tells us in his preface that the idea of the book sprang from a little volume on Shakespeare which he was at one time contemplating. That volume would properly have begun with the middle of the sixteenth century, but it seemed necessary to put first some account of the origins of play-acting in England, and of its development during the Middle Ages. But the author found that the basis for such a narrative was wanting—hence these two volumes. Mr. Chambers's effort has been "to state and explain the pre-existing conditions which, by the latter half of the sixteenth century, made the great Shakespearean stage possible." The work is divided into four books, leading down from the break up of the Graeco-Roman theatre before the onslaught of Christianity, to the transformation of the mediaeval stage.

LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE IN LONDON. Final Volume. By Charles Booth.

This final volume of the remarkable work so ably carried through by Mr. Booth and his assistants consists of notes on social influences, conclusion, appendix tables and notes, an abstract of the complete work, and a map of Inner and East London. Many of the most vital things in the life of London are dealt with—Poverty and Crowding, Marriage and Morality, Betting, Drink, Hospitals and Nursing, and so on. The concluding sentence runs: "The dry bones that lie scattered over the

long valley that we have traversed together lie before my reader. May some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine, disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live, so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing with joy."

THE CORONATION OF EDWARD THE SEVENTH. By J. E. C. Bodley.

In a note prefixed to his book Mr. Bodley says: "Owing to the scope of this work many international, historical and constitutional questions are treated on which opinion is necessarily not unanimous. The author, therefore, wishes it to be understood that he is solely responsible for all that is contained in these pages." Since the work was written "by His Majesty's Gracious Command," no doubt such a general disclaimer was necessary. Mr. Bodley's book is not so much a picturesque record as an historical and philosophical summary.

MR. ASCHER has been writing in the "Author" on the ever-recurring subject of the short story. We fear that Mr. Ascher does not add much to our knowledge of the reasons which make the average magazine story bad, or the means to be employed to make it better. The short story, says the writer, "ought to be inspiring, brilliant, vivacious." But brilliancy and vivacity will not necessarily make a good short story; the story, that is, which is remembered and re-read. Neither will a commonplace idea necessarily make a story poor; some of the best stories ever written have been commonplace enough in idea. What the short story needs, primarily and always, is contact with life—some sort of human grip—and that is just what it usually lacks. Such stories are being written, but they seldom find their way into the popular magazines. The revival of the short story in England, we fear, cannot hope for much aid from the magazine. Its future, and it has a future, lies with the few who work with conscience and knowledge.

MR. MUNSEY, it appears, has recently been complaining of this scarcity of good short stories, concerning which complaint Mr. Edgar Saltus has been writing in the New York "American." Mr. Saltus says: "If Mr. Munsey wants something fit we suggest that he produce it himself. It is easy enough. The Press provides plots in plenty." And then Mr. Saltus presents this as a plot:—

The little thing is but an adventure that befel a bulb hunter in Brazil. There a few degrees below the Equator he discovered a forest from which emanated an odour, vague and sweet at first, but which, increasing as he advanced, drew him ultimately to a clearing where, straight ahead, was a wilderness of orchids.

Trees were loaded with them, underbrush was covered with them, they trailed on the ground, mounted in beckoning contortions, dangled from branches, fell in sheets, and, as a breeze passed, they swayed with it, moving with a life of their own, dancing in the glare of the equatorial sun, and, as they danced, exhaling a mist of perfumed chloroform through which the hunter could see, but through which, try as he might, he could not pass. It held him back more effectually than bayonets, and it was torture to him to see those flowers, and to feel that before he could reach them he must die, suffocated by the very splendours for which he was in search, poisoned by floral jewels such as he had never seen before.

Mr. Munsey, we think, will have to continue his search.

WE find in the New York "Critic" an article by Mrs. Mary King Clarke on "Thackeray's Kindness to Children." The article consists simply of a personal reminiscence, told very quietly and effectively. The writer first met Thackeray in America on a steamer coming from the South; at that time she was "an awkward, over-grown girl between ten and eleven years old." She was wandering disconsolately about the saloon on a rainy day, when a voice called "Come here, little girl!" I found I was being addressed by the elderly gentleman, and hesitating a little, I obeyed him:—

His rugged face was not unkindly, and his heart, always tender towards children, discerned that here was a most unhappy child. So he exerted all of his marvellous power and for one hour told me wonderful tales, only stopping when he had changed my sad little face to a most happy one. I attached myself to my new friend and watched his every glance, feeling quite jealous when I saw his eyes brighten as they looked at the pretty girl who sat opposite us at the table. He took a kindly interest in the openly displayed admiration of a dark-eyed Southern youth for the same pretty girl, and apparently took great interest in this budding love affair, which ripened as the days flew by.

We met some heavy storms, when the little steamer seemed at the mercy of the winds and waves. . . . The waves tossed us unmercifully, and once the pretty girl was thrown against my big friend, and clung to him gladly, while her slim lover glared at him fiercely, and I beat her with my childish hands, crying in my wrath, "He's mine; my friend, not yours; go to your own little man!"

There was a depth of sadness in my friend's voice as he caught my little hands and said: "Alas, poor child, what fiery tempests are reserved for you before this hot, jealous little heart shall have learned life's lesson!"

At this time Mrs. Clarke, who was a granddaughter of Charles King, of Columbia College, knew nothing of the identity of the "elderly gentleman." When New York was reached Thackeray called upon Mr. King, to whom he had a letter of introduction. When Thackeray was asked whom he would like to have to meet him at dinner, he said: "Mr. King, I should like you to ask a little girl I met on the steamer coming from the South; she told me her name was Mary King." The whole story is very pretty and touching—another tribute to the delightful humanity of Thackeray.

On the back of the card you read the book's praises. This is inoffensive enough, though if the practice spread the morning post would be more annoying than ever.

PIERRE LOTI, who only returned from China a couple of months ago, is to proceed shortly to Constantinople to command the torpedo-destroyer "Vautour," a boat which for several years has formed one of the vessels of the French Naval Station in the Bosphorus. No doubt the result of this command will be another book. Pierre Loti on Constantinople and Turkish life should be worth reading. It almost looks as though a kindly government gave Captain Viaud as many opportunities as possible to play the part of Pierre Loti.

THE other day M. Maeterlinck gave to an interviewer of "Le Temps" some interesting biographical particulars. Said M. Maeterlinck:—

I was born in Ghent, and studied there. As a pupil of the Jesuits I followed the secondary educational course, and learnt Latin and Greek. My college years have left far from agreeable remembrances. The discipline and methods of the Jesuits were repugnant to my mind and character. For instance, we could make Latin verses at our own free will, but were forbidden to read French poets. . . . With two schoolfellows—one of whom is now a poet, the other an electrical engineer—I tried to repair this injustice, but we were rigorously punished. Having finished my course at the seminary, I entered the University to study law and realise one of the dearest wishes of my family. Relatives often term obedience to their fancy a vocation. Having become an advocate by the grace of diplomas, I found I had to defend some criminal cases; but assassins, incendiaries, and satyrs—at least, those I have met—have in the main only a monotonous and rudimentary psychology. They furnish specimens of humanity which often have nothing human about them. I soon tired of this profession. . . . So, one fine day, I doffed the long robe and took the train to Paris. I passed a literary season of one year in the Latin Quarter.

At that time, in conjunction with two other poets, M. Maeterlinck started a review, which failed. Then he met Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who influenced him greatly. But the strongest literary influence appears to have been derived from Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists.

In the current issue of the "Pilot" Mr. Hilaire Belloc deals with Charles of Orleans as the first of the poets of the French Renaissance. Take the entire Valois strain, says Mr. Belloc, "and you will find the pomp or rather the fantasy of their great palace of St. Paul; turrets and striped blue roofs of slate, carved woodwork, heavy curtains, and slate and shining bronze." The Valois had cruelty and hate, and intelligence alternating with madness. But Charles was different:—

Less passionate and so much less eager and useful than most of his race, yet the taint of madness never showed in him, nor the corresponding evil of cruelty, nor the uncreative luxury of his immediate ancestry. All the Valois were poets in their kind; his life by its every accident caused him to write.

He led the centre of the charge at Agincourt, was carried to England as prisoner, and the best part of his life was spent rhyming under English skies. His verse, says Mr. Belloc, had "a note quite new and one that after him never failed, but grew in volume and in majesty until it filled the great chorus of the Pleiad—the lyrical note of direct personal expression."

In November is to appear the first issue of "The Venture," an annual of art and letters. The joint editors are Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

* NEW method of book advertising is for the local dealer to send round a card on which is printed introduce"—so and so, giving the title of the book.

We notice amongst the names of contributors those of Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Benjamin Swift, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and Mr. C. H. Shannon.

THE hitherto unpublished letters by Sir Walter Scott now being printed in the "Century," are not, so far, particularly interesting. We are, of course, glad to have them, but they do not show the writer at his best. The letters were written to Mary Anne Watts Hughes, wife of Dr. Hughes, Canon of St. Paul's, and grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The correspondence, which is prefixed by certain recollections of Mrs. Hughes's, is edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson. In one letter Sir Walter referred to Abbotsford "as this whimsical place which I have christened Conundrum Castle," and in another he writes:—

I really assure you that I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribe to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyd scribbler as I am?

This was in 1823.

A THEATRICAL contemporary printed recently the most remarkable advertisement which we have seen for many a long day. It celebrates the homecoming of a troupe of performers from a continental tour, of whose fame we were not cognisant. We select the following passages:—

Their name is as great as Shakespeare. They have broke all records on the Continent, and their success is moving like an avalanche, gathering force and impetus with every performance. . . . His latest is the introduction of the wonderful and sensational storm scene to the already famous overture to the opera of "William Tell." Which is executed in a masterly manner by the above wonderful exponents of mirth and music. The continental press says that the above storm scene is the most realistic and wonderful production that it has ever been their lot to witness. The correct and life stirring representations of thunder and lightning, rain, hail, wind, and the howling of wild birds escaping from the vast storm is a most bewildering sight in the extreme, and impossible to describe.

WE have received from Miss Marie Corelli a long letter in reply to Mr. Sidney Lee's on "The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon." Miss Corelli's views are so well known, and this letter has been so widely printed, that it is hardly necessary for us to reproduce it in our columns. We quote an extract from the concluding paragraph:—

I am glad to have been the means of saving much that otherwise was distinctly intended to be destroyed during the Festival fortnight in April last, for no matter how much the persons interested may deny the fact, it was the present Mayor himself who told me that such immediate destruction was contemplated, but that owing to my having informed him that petitions for delay were to be sent in to the Town Council, he had personally arranged with Mr. Flower to postpone demolition till the Festival was over. . . . But when the Carnegieising of Shakespeare's street is fully completed, to the entire satisfaction of those concerned, I shall still be proud to think that I protested against it, and roused others to protest likewise, and I shall leave it to posterity to judge as to whether I did well or ill to try and help preserve everything (even such things as may be merely traditional) having to do with the memory and association of the greatest poet of the world, whose name alone makes Stratford-on-Avon worthy of men's consideration.

A WRITER in the American "Bookman" has a pleasant little article on "The Diffidence of Print." Newspapers, he says, never make an admission or see more than one side

of a question, hence the ordinary man grows tired and is inclined to think that the whole business had better be left to the reporters. What the ordinary man wants, the writer considers, is to see and come to grips with his fellow man:—

We are friendly and inquisitive little animals, and the man is the main thing, after all, and there is never a moment when we would not rather meet a real one than look at a panorama of world politics or see a gastank explode. The newest thing in the world is a new way of looking at an old one, and the greatest thing that ever happened is what somebody happened to think. People read newspapers more for company than for guidance; and their criticism is nine-tenths epicurean. Virtue is safe, but the mind feels lonesome in most things that we read. A reformer never seems to miss anything not mentioned in a moral code, but it is not so with the rest of us. . . . Must one feel as pompous as Cicero? Will his country come to him in a dream and say, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing?" Let the great mind go crashing forth; the casualties will be surprisingly small. That is the proper advice to give to any American writer.

The advice is good for English writers as well.

THE Pope, who is said to have dictated some Latin verses on his approaching death the other day, had written before in anticipation of the same event; once when he was quite young, and again eight or nine years ago. We quote a translation which appeared in 1895:—

The setting sun, at this thy close of day,
On thee, O Leo, sheds its parting ray.
Within thy withered veins, thy wasted frame,
Slow, slow, burns downward life's expiring flame.
Death's arrow flies, the funeral veil unfolds,
The cold remains, the grave her conquest holds.
But swift the panting soul, her fetters riven,
Spreads her free wings, and seeks her native heaven.
The long and toilsome road has reached its end—
Thy holy will, my Saviour, I attend;
And if so great a grace Thou canst accord,
Receive my spirit in Thy Kingdom, Lord.

THE "International Quarterly" prints an interesting article by Mr. W. N. Guthrie on "A Theory of the Comic Spirit." Mr. Guthrie begins by saying that so far as he knows the first effort at a statement of the nature of comedy was Mr. Meredith's essay on "The Comic Spirit," which, he adds, is of "value assuredly to whoever is able to read it; yet, is one ever quite sure one has got out of it what Meredith put into it? At all events it has not been popular, nor very generally illuminative." Well, Mr. Guthrie appears to have got out of it the best of the matter of his essay, and as to popularity—was any such attempt ever likely to be popular? In the nature of things popularity does not wait upon subtle definitions. Once at least Mr. Guthrie seems to trip. He writes:—

Is laughter unsympathetic? This is another great objection raised against comedy. Of course it is unsympathetic; but, ought one to be always and everywhere sympathetic? Some people say one ought. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." How sad! Thank God, when you weep everybody does not weep, that there is some limit to the spread of infection. Sympathy has value in life, great value, and it should be cultivated, but it ought to be understood as vicarious sensation, sensation for another through the imagination, and this sympathy can at most only tell me what is amiss, not what I should do to remedy the ill. Therefore, I shall not expect to be saved by sympathy. It is not sympathy that we require for social salvation, but good, simple common sense, the comic sense, which neutralizing egoism does away with both *alter* and *ego*—leaves us a plain perspective—the gay bird's-eye view of the gods.

But laughter is not necessarily unsympathetic at all often part of the sympathy which is very near to te.

THE king of the "camelots," M. Léon Hayard, has been in London with some of his singing army. In Paris M. Hayard controls two hundred men—street-hawkers, news boys, and shouters. A representative of the "Daily Chronicle" interviewed M. Hayard on the subject of London and Paris. The camelot king found our police very polite, but he was pained to find that they would not allow his men to sing in the main thoroughfares; nevertheless they did very well in the side streets. M. Hayard was of opinion that the fine reception of President Loubet was due to the energy of the camelots.

THERE has reached us from Chicago a second edition of "The Souls of Black Folk," by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. The author has prefixed to the volume a curious "Forethought" in which he says:—

Herein lie buried many things, which if read with patience may show the strange meaning of being black here at the dawning of the Twentieth Century. . . . I have sought here to sketch, in vague, uncertain outline, the spiritual world in which ten thousand thousand Americans live and strive. . . . Leaving . . . the white world, I have stepped within the Veil, raising it that you may view faintly its deeper recesses—the meaning of its religion, the passion of its human sorrow, and the struggle of its greater souls.

The book concludes with an "Afterthought," which begins:—

Hear my cry, O God the Reader; vouchsafe that this my book fall not still-born into the world wilderness.

SOME interesting letters of Swift and Pope were sold the other day by Messrs. Christie. These included the original letters written by each to his publishers, Motte and Bathurst, concerning the publication of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Miscellanies." The first lot was very characteristic of the Dean. It was written in a feigned hand and signed Richard Sympson, and it offered the copyright of "Gulliver" for £200, the proceeds to be devoted to poor seamen. This, with other letters, brought £86 2s. The Pope letters went at lower prices.

Bibliographical.

I AM glad to have drawn from Mr. Fisher Unwin the statement that he is going to give us a volume of plays by Dryden. As I have said, it is singular that this benefaction should have been so long deferred. It is true that in the "Albion" edition of Dryden's Poems (1893, 1897), there are some "lyrics from the dramas," just as in the "Globe" edition there are a number of the poet's prologues and epilogues; but that does not make up for the lack of a collection of or selection from the plays. The time is quite ripe for the issue of such a work, for during the last ten or eleven years there has been a growing appreciation of Dryden's merits and position as a poet. There was the "Aldine" edition of his poems in five volumes in 1891, followed by an edition in the Lubbock's Best-Book Series (1892). Then in 1893 came the aforesaid "Albion" volume, together with a reproduction of the Satires. In 1895 we had Dr. Garnett's "Dryden and his Age"; in 1897, a reprint of Dryden's "Virgil"; and in 1899 (from America) a book on his "Dramatic Theory and Practice." In 1900, in addition to reprints of "The Hind and the Panther" and the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," there was Mr. W. P. Ker's welcome resuscitation of some of the "Essays," in two volumes; while in 1901 came reprints of Preface to the Fables and of the "Defence of an Essay in Dramatic Poetry." We have had, in fact, a Dryden

Tom Moore is at last to be admitted to that literary Valhalla, the series of "English Men of Letters." He is to be dealt with by a brother Irishman, which possibly may be an advantage to him, though not necessarily so. Though a little neglected of late years, he has not been without biographic recognition. There was a "Life" of him by James Burke in 1852; another "notice of his life" appeared in 1860; then came the memoir by H. R. Montgomery (1860), the little monograph by A. J. Symington (1880), and an appreciation of him as "poet and patriot" by J. P. Gunning (1900). Moreover, Moore has been the subject of a good many short biographical sketches, prefixed to editions or selections from his Poems. One may name those by J. W. Lake (1827), D. Herbert (1872), W. M. Rossetti (1872, 1880, 1882), C. Kent (1879, 1883, 1885, 1888), J. F. Waller (1880), and J. Dorrien (1888). Of his "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence," as edited by Earl Russell (1853-6), there have been several abridgments—in 1860, in 1874 (by R. H. Stoddard), and in 1899 (by Wilmot Harrison). Mr. Gwynn will find no lack of material for his work.

Very welcome will be the "Reminiscences" of Prof. A. C. Fraser, of whose "Philosophy of Theism" there was a new edition so recently as 1899. Dr. Fraser will be best remembered, no doubt, in connection with the life and works of Bishop Berkeley, to which he raised so fine a memorial some thirty years ago. Then, in 1881, came the monograph on Berkeley in the series of "Philosophical Classics." Dr. Fraser's Selections from Berkeley, brought out in 1868, were reprinted in 1884. In 1890 he printed a life and analysis of Locke, and in 1898 he contributed to the "Famous Scots" series an account of Thomas Reid. Dr. Fraser has been for a long time before the public, for his "Essays in Philosophy" date back so far as 1856.

A one-volume edition of Peacock's novels! Well, so long as the type is readable, the thing is to be welcomed—scarcely for the library, but for the portmanteau and the knapsack—in cases, that is, where space is a consideration. For purposes of reference, too, a one-volume edition of a writer's works is sure to prove useful—though the novels of Peacock are hardly things to which one "refers." Last year Mr. Brimley Johnson brought out a collection, not wholly impeccable, of the songs in the novels. But now that we are to have all Peacock between the one cover, anthologies will not count. Many people possess the five-volume edition of Peacock edited by Mr. George Saintsbury and issued by Macmillans (1895-7). Others have the ten-volume edition edited by Dr. Garnett and published by Messrs. Dent in 1891. This, I must confess, is my own favourite.

Mr. Hales's retirement from his Professorship at King's College will necessarily draw attention to his published labours in the interest of English literature. His latest volume was his "Folia Litteraria" (1893). Immediately prior to that came his "Essays and Notes on Shakespeare," which, brought out originally in 1884, was reproduced in 1892, and is to be reproduced again. It is to be hoped that in his new position of greater freedom and less responsibility Mr. Hales will be able to add to the list of his very useful publications. After all, he is only sixty-seven—what is that?

It seems likely that Mr. Meynell's new book on Lord Beaconsfield will be very readable and enjoyable. A not uninteresting volume might be made out of the allusions to Disraeli which abound in so many of the Memoirs of the past fifty years. Take, for instance, this note at the foot of one of the pages of Mr. Bodley's "Coronation" tome: "Disraeli once said to the late Lord Lytton: 'Man is a predatory animal. The worthiest objects of his chase are women and power. After I married Mary Ann I desisted from the one and devoted my life to the pursuit of the other.'" Such trifles as these throw side-lights upon character.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Hudibras.

BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS." With an Introductory Note by T. W. H. Crosland. (Greening).

A NEW edition of "Hudibras!" It is well printed, and neat and handy in format; but there our praise must end. The notes are not new, while our commendation of the printing refers merely to its appearance. The press-correction has been careless in the extreme, and the text abounds in misprints. It is peppered with verbal errors, and salted with errors of punctuation. Some of the former ruin the metre, which is a bad thing; others the rhyme, which is a worse thing. For Hudibrastic rhymes are a part of Hudibrastic wit; being unexpected associations in sound, as wit is an unexpected association in sense:—

A crafty Lawyer, and a Pickpocket,
A great Philosopher, and a Blockhead,

should manifestly be, in the first line, "and Pickpocket," without the "a"; the word being accented on the second syllable, to rhyme with "blockhead." Much more irritating is:—

Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick
That cures or kills a Man that's sick;

where the rhyme (a very characteristic one) is completely destroyed. It should, of course, be "that is sick." Again:—

Like money by the Druids borrow'd
In th' other World to be restor'd,

is evidently "to be restor'd"; though the rhyme is a poor one. But the more reason it should not be made worse than it is. Of mispunctuations we will only instance—

For these you play at Purposes,
And love your Love's with A's and B's.

Where "Love's" should, of course, be "Loves." Nor are these misprinted rhymes unfairly sought for; they are all casually encountered within a couple of pages, and the limit of some twenty-four lines. They should certainly have been edited out of existence. The preface does not please us more than the editing. It is solely devoted to a protest against the severity of reviewers towards what Mr. Crosland calls the "bludgeon" order of satire. What pretence of connection has this with Butler—whose satire is wittily intellectual to a fault—or, if you will, intellectually witty? That is, partly, the very cause of his neglect. But, indeed, Mr. Crosland scarce disdains to affect a connection. Butler is put off with a perfunctorily casual mention at the end, which amounts to a statement that Mr. Crosland finds it happily not needful to trouble his head about anything so unimportant as the author of the book he is "prefacing." It is impossible to forget that Mr. Crosland lately wrote "The Unspeakable Scot," and that some reviewers took a very decided view with regard to the manner of that satire. Some among them (it is even possible—we do not know) may have used that "bludgeon" phrase which seems so to stick in Mr. Crosland's throat. One is driven to the suspicion that Mr. Crosland considered "Hudibras" a proper and convenient opportunity for publishing an indirect defence of the methods employed in "The Unspeakable Scot." It is the only explanation visible to us. For—"It will be interesting to discover whether, in the view of the immaculate reviewer, Hudibras is an exercise with the bludgeon or the rapier"—is the sole attempted link between the body of the preface and "Hudibras" which we have been able to find. It seems a trifle slight.

We make these adverse but necessary comments with reluctance; for, as Mr. Crosland says, a new edition of "Hudibras" is, in our day, a somewhat hazardous experiment. It is, we fear, a thankless task, and in itself deserves every encouragement, as in itself we should have wished to encourage it. Of all classics—not excepting Chaucer, not excepting the "Faëry Queene"—"Hudibras" is the most hopelessly "shelved." Few have more than a vague knowledge of the name. That is no airy and unprovable assertion; it has lately had sardonic demonstration. The recent "Lyrics from the Novels of Thomas Love Peacock" included among Peacock's "Epigrams" a well-known passage from "Hudibras." That is, it was well known when poor Butler was known, and is still to be found in encyclopædias of English Literature and the like. This is significant enough; but more significant is the fact that no one denied Peacock's right to the "epigram." One paper, indeed, patted the "epigram" on the head, and said it deserved to be famous. Wherein the reviewer showed his judgment at the expense of his literary knowledge. Some two centuries had agreed with him in advance, until the latter nineteenth century "dropped" Butler altogether—and with him all "ancient history" in literature, finding its intellect engrossed by the effort to keep abreast of "Tit-Bits," "Answers," and other such wells of English undefiled. The usurped passage was that in the first Canto of Part III. :—

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.

There are hundreds of epigrams as good in this mine of brilliancy, Butler: it is only part of a once celebrated and bitingly clever long passage. Why is he unread?

Apart from the unliterariness of our day, there are two chief reasons. One tells against Butler himself. "Hudibras," as a whole, is unreadable, even by its devout admirers. It is hard to think how it ever was readable, in its own day. There is much to be said for Mr. Pepys in his famous and desperate attempts to enjoy the satire so greatly cried up. It is a book to be dipped into, to be read a little and by chosen bits at a time. No man is called upon to read through the "Faëry Queene" or "Hudibras." The narrative is a rambling and not over well-contrived thread on which to string the satirical passages. The satire impedes the narrative, and the narrative impedes the satire. It is a bad whole, and that has been against it in the long run. Worse yet, the narrative portions are stupid, are dull, are heavy: they are the merest clowning and knock-about business. The coarsest order of Anglo-Saxon "humour" prevails in them. It was these, obviously, that disgusted M. Taine with "Hudibras." Butler, in fact, has no humour. His lobbish efforts to be "funny" take the shape of grinning through a horse-collar. These parts of "Hudibras" remind us of Rowlandson's caricatures at their grossest. Yet it was just these parts (we suspect) which made for the popularity of the work in its day. The brilliant satire might be tasted by the Court and the cultivated elect; but these came home to every man who relished the delicious humours of broken bones and a cudgel. These have never lost their inexhaustible comicality for the Teutonic race.

It is in the satirical beads strung on this coarse string that Butler really enjoys his work, that he finds himself and we find him. But the very brilliancy of the satire is an obstacle to its popularity in the present day. Here, as with Congreve, the wit is too opulent, too incessant, for a day which cannot take a jest of the smallest delicacy at the theatre unless the actor fairly thrust it down its throat—by smile, and wink, and trick of brow; as who should say: "Get ready. It's coming. This is a joke." The slow-witted Saxon cannot stand the strain of attention exacted by Butler's nimble and thronging lightning-play

of wit. Here, moreover—as again with Congreve—the wit is too subtle for the very elementary capacities of our generation. It is too intellectual. It is the finest and highest order of wit, the tradition and power of enjoying which has perished. It is often and largely wit of the fancy—essentially a poet's wit. It is the same faculty which produces serious imagery, turned to comic uses. Accordingly, in the middle of a satiric invective against women, Congreve lights unconsciously on a charming poetic fancy. "You are the image of heaven in a pool, and he that leaps at you is sunk." And Butler glides into a passage worthy of the Elizabethan poets—

The Sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by Ladies' Eyes:
The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade)
And in the Lantern of the Night
With shining Horns hung out her Light.

The faculty which produced this passage is nevertheless one with the faculty which produced the celebrated comic image:—

Like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From Black to Red began to turn.

It is fancy in either case; the employment only is different. Wit of this order finds now few lovers. But for those who still have the relish of it, Butler (if you but pick out the fine passages—and they are abundant) is a sumptuous festival of good things. A more subtle and dexterous intellect was never applied to satiric purposes. The satire, keen though it be, is used less for its own sake than as a medium for his superabundant wit; and it is full of strong sense and underlying serious thought. Some of it still hits the mark. That on the pretences of astrologers has full point to-day, when society is honeycombed by fashionable "occultism" and its hangers-on, who—

Make Fools believe in their Foreseeing
Of Things before they are in Being;
To swallow Gudgeons ere th'are catch'd,
And count their Chickens ere th'are hatch'd;
Make 'em the Constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own account.

Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of Monkeys, Puppy-dogs, and Cats.

As if the Planet's first Aspect
The tender Infant did infect.

No sooner does he peep into
The World, but he has done his do;
Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick
That cures or kills a Man that is sick.

As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old Age, Diseases, and Ill-luck,
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, —, and Dice!"

But despite passages like this, which are modern enough, "Hudibras," we fear, will remain unread, or read only by the few. For the sake of the few, if not the many, we are glad even of an edition less careful than it might reasonably have been made, which is handy and cheap in price.

Charles II.'s Time and King Edward's.

THE POPISH PLOT. A STUDY IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II. By John Pollock. (Duckworth. 10s. net.)

THIS work would have delighted Lord Acton, by whom, judging from a remark in the preface, we take it to have been inspired. It is the outcome of extraordinarily wide research. The writing, though it cannot be called lively, is pleasantly scholarlike; and the book is a

permanent contribution to the history of England. At the beginning, and indeed throughout the whole of the first chapter, we could not quite make out what Mr. Pollock was preparing to show. Titus Oates was a picturesque scoundrel in his way; but was it worth anyone's while to undertake the vast trouble represented in this handsome volume in order, beside discussing "what was going on between Coleman and Père la Chaize" and "who killed Godfrey," to discover "how Oates got hold of the wrong story"? In 1675-78 adherents of the Papacy were active in intrigue, and at this time of day it hardly matters which of the conspirators "split." It is quite probable that Titus, the plausible and pushing fellow, was one of them, and that he was himself the benevolent knave. However that might be, Mr. Pollock chose to make Oates' pamphlet on "The Horrid Plot and Conspiracy against the life of His Sacred Majesty" the text of his work; and now we perceive that this was almost necessary to the symmetry of his discourse. The purport of the pamphlet was to show that the Pope had declared himself lord of the kingdom of England and Ireland, that Jesuits were everywhere at work preparing a revolution, and that the King was to be shot with silver bullets in St. James's Park. This prediction, it turned out, was rather like the prophecies with which "Old Moore's Almanack" entertains us at the beginning of every year; but there was "something in it."

How much there was in it the curious will find from Mr. Pollock's pages; but the work has an interest deeper and more enduring than that which attaches to popular criminology. It will shed a flood of light upon the imaginations of the many thousands who ever since the Oxford Movement have been perplexed as to the doings of the High Church. Are our extreme Ritualists really striving to create a stream of tendency towards Rome? Let us consider this question in connection with a memorable incident which is once more recounted by Mr. Pollock. Continually hampered by Parliament, which was too niggardly to vote supplies adequate to the needs of competent rule and governance, Charles entered into a questionable negotiation with Louis XIV. Mr. Pollock describes the matter thus:—

Only under a Catholic constitution, said Charles, might a King of England hope to be absolute. He was to live to see the prophecy falsified, and by his own unaided effort to accomplish what he believed impossible; but now he showed the courage of his convictions by attempting to make England Catholic. The scheme was afoot in the summer of 1669. Nearly a year passed in its completion, and on June 1, 1670, "le Traité de Madame" was signed at Dover. Arlington, Clifford, Arundel, and Sir Richard Bellings signed for England, and Colbert for France; and Henrietta of Orleans, to whose skilful management success was due, returned to her husband's home to die, leaving a potent influence to carry on her work—Louise de Kéroualle. Louis' object was to break the Triple Alliance and carry the war to a successful conclusion; that of Charles, to make himself master of England again under the Catholic banner. "It was in reality," says Lord Acton, "a plot under cover of Catholicism to introduce absolute monarchy and to make England a dependency of France, not only by the acceptance of French money, but by submission to a French army." Charles was to declare himself a Catholic when he thought fit. In the event of resistance from his subjects he was to receive from Louis the sum of £150,000 and a force of 6,000 men to bring his country under the yoke. Lauderdale held an army 20,000 strong in Scotland, bound to serve anywhere within British dominions. Ireland under Lord Berkeley was steeped in Catholic and loyal sentiment. The garrisons and forts of England were being placed in safe hands. If the scheme succeeded, the Anglican Church would be overthrown, Parliamentary Government would be rendered futile, and Charles would be left at the head of a Catholic state and master of his realm.

The project was practically still-born; but that is not why we recall it. Was Lord Acton right in his interpretation of Charles's motive? Was the prospective position

of England as "a dependency of France" compatible with his absolute sovereignty? The contradiction in terms, which is not so much as noticed by Mr. Pollock, is a striking fresh proof of the strange incapacity of men who are full of merely scholastic learning to understand the actions of kings and statesmen. Charles never for a moment meant to make England subservient to France. He had no more than a design to make monarchy in England more effective than it was. If in the process Parliament had to be abolished for a time, why should he be condemned on that account? Did not Cromwell himself find it necessary to suspend Parliament in order to establish a stable rule? As for the ecclesiastical aspect of Charles's plan, he was only choosing a means to an end which could not in itself be condemned. By and by "he turned his back finally upon Catholicism as a political power." These are the words of Mr. Pollock; yet from Mr. Pollock is their clear significance concealed. In this ancient land sovereigns and statesmen can never get quit of religion, which, in various modes, is as inseparable from the people as are the social conventions of their classes; and their attitudes towards religion should always be considered in relation to that embarrassment. Mr. Gladstone was none the less a High Anglican because he relied for power on the Nonconformists. Similarly, Charles was none the less an Anglican because for a time he thought the Catholic forces in the realm could serve his thoroughly patriotic purpose best. So it is, one must imagine, with Father Dolling, Father Stanton, Father Adderley, Lord Halifax, Lord Hugh Cecil, and other Churchmen who in recent years have been prominent in the misgivings of our Protestant community. They do not seek to incorporate in Rome the Church of England. What they do seek is to make the Church of England as great as the Church of Rome; and when one looks at a globe, and sees how much of the earth King Edward's empire covers, that is not at all a ridiculous aspiration. Why many Churchmen "throw back" to mediæval usages is quite another question, subordinate. Perhaps they themselves could not clearly tell. One imagines that if the truth were known the reactionary instinct would be translated simply into a feeling that, being phenomena of comparatively recent growth, all modes of dissidence are less likely than the ancient faith to be touched by divine grace. Now, just as in the time of Charles, the British Empire is much too self-respecting to think of imitating France or Rome even in religion. After all, like a wise to be proud of, Anglicanism has come to be of quite respectable age.

Some of the names in Mr. Pollock's volume link the time of Charles II. most curiously with King Edward's. There was then, as there is now, a Lord Halifax, who wrote a book called "Maxims of State." Here are two of his sayings:—

XXIII.—The Dissenters of England plead only for conscience, but their struggle is for power; yet when they had it, have always denied to others that liberty of conscience which they now make such a noise for.

XXVI.—They that separate themselves from the Religion of the State, and are not contented with a free Toleration, aim at the Subversion of it. For a conscience that once exceeds its bounds knows no limits, because it pretends to be above all other Rules.

Whoso will may apply these three-hundred-year-old maxims to certain ongoing of the present day. We ourselves rise superior to a temptation, which is to look at Passive Resistance in the light of them. In Charles's time there was a person of great importance who mysteriously disappeared.

It is not even in our own day commonly known that the Duke of Monmouth, reputed the eldest of the sons of Charles II., had an elder brother. So well was the secret kept, that during the long struggle to save the Protestant succession and to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, no man ever discovered that there was another whose claims were better

than those of the popular favourite, and who had of his free will preferred the gown of an obscure clerk to the brilliant prospect of favour at Court and the chance of wearing the English crown. For this son, born to the King in the Isle of Jersey at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, the child of a lady of one of the noblest families in his dominions, was named by his father James Stuart, and urged to be at hand to maintain his rights should both the royal brothers die without male heirs.

In 1668, when about twenty-four years of age, he adopted the name of James de la Cloche, and went to dwell in Italy. He visited his parents once afterwards, went abroad again, and disappeared from history. It is possible, therefore, that there are living even now direct descendants of the royal Stuarts. Still, it is for the reigning Sovereign that, like Wildrake in "Kenilworth," we toss our cap high in the summer air.

The Coming of Science.

NEW CONCEPTIONS IN SCIENCE. By Carl Snyder. Illustrated with Portraits and Sketches. (Harper and Brothers. 7s. 6d.)

How to deal with the fourteen essays contained in this volume in a review, unless by saying that they are one and all worth reading and that we have rarely read a scientific book we could more heartily commend, it is rather difficult to see. One or two of these articles must, however, be discussed, and for the rest we must try to sum up the general impression. Mr. Snyder writes lucidly, accurately, and with enthusiasm. His range is wide and his original ideas not a few. Of these, we may specially note his essay on the "telepaths" and the galvanometer, which goes well, as serving to show Mr. Snyder's fairness of mind, with the excellent portrait of Sir Oliver Lodge and the recognition of the claims of that celebrated "telepath" to priority in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. That there exists a world beyond our senses Mr. Snyder would be the first to admit. He has, indeed, an admirable essay showing that we can describe the properties and distances and speed and construction of stars which affect not one human sense. But he goes on to ask how it is that the supposed phenomena of telepathy, spiritualism, and so forth, have never been made to affect any of the most delicate instruments, such as the galvanometer, which can record the presence of a quantity of electricity almost infinitesimal, or the bolometer which will register a change in temperature of a millionth of a degree, and detect the heat of a candle a mile and a half away. The point is a good one, nor do we remember to have met it before. To one or two of Mr. Snyder's statements we take exception. In arguing, for instance, that "the whole progress of science and, for that matter, of the human mind is conditioned by mechanical appliances," a proposition which we cannot wholly accept, he says, "There is probably no difference whatever in the mental capacity of a fine type of a savage and that of a Spencer or a Descartes." This would take a deal of demonstration. Here and there, also, Mr. Snyder strikes one as rather apt to ignore the gaps in our knowledge. His assumption, for instance, that consciousness can be explained in terms of nervous physiology is wholly unwarranted. No such explanation has ever been afforded nor, indeed, in the present state of our knowledge, is one conceivable. The "Cogito, ergo sum" of Descartes was doubtless associated with well-defined changes in what Mr. Snyder calls a "highly phosphorised fat," or in his brain, but the most admirable chemical equation ever formulated does not explain consciousness. Lastly, in adverse criticism, we would refer to the essay which treats of Dr. Loeb's experiments on the germ-cells of certain lower animal. That these, in any degree whatever, are equivalent or are even an approach to the production of

life cannot for one moment be maintained, and the argument that a living thing grows, that these germ-cells do not grow, and are therefore not alive until Dr. Loeb manipulates them, is a palpable quibble.

Mr. Snyder's erudite and courageous "foreword" on the relations of science and progress is a bit of delightful reading, and it happens to come very fitly when a school of applied science is being planned for London and just after a learned professor—of Oxford, need we say—has told us that anyone who applies "the truths of pure science" to practical purposes is afflicted with "vulgarity of mind." Fortunately the minds of Lister and Kelvin were not free from that "element of vulgarity" which appears to be Prof. Turner's synonym for altruism. Mr. Snyder's views on this matter are clear enough, nor does he fear to attack Plato, that genius whose incomparable literary style has persuaded so many generations into the belief that he was a great philosopher. In Plutarch's life of Marcellus he states that Plato inveighed against certain geometers of his time "as corrupting and debasing the excellence of geometry, by making her descend from incorporeal and intellectual to corporeal and sensible things." This comes quite parallel to Sir Frederick Brauwell's admirable retort to Prof. Turner, who is an astronomer. The story goes of a mathematical professor who complained of a colleague that he had "prostituted the truths of pure mathematics to the service of astronomy"! Mr. Snyder refers to the "contemptuous sentimentality" of Plato and attributes to his "silly supercilious attitude" a large share in the causation of the long eclipse from which science only emerged three centuries ago. At the end of this essay Mr. Snyder becomes really eloquent. He follows that splendid passage from Buckle on the discoveries of genius with these words:—

Not, then, to the Cæsars and Alexanders, not to the bandits and plunderers who have reddened history: neither to the dreaming messiahs whose hallucinations have filled men's minds with empty fancies; not to these should rise our pantheons; but rather to those who, in the pursuit of science and of truth, have added to the intellectual wealth of mankind.

For they are the true gods, the real gods. *Eos salutemus, et secuti laboremus.*

It is a pity that Mr. Snyder has disfigured so excellent a passage with the allusion to "dreaming messiahs." For the rest, readers will find intelligible, thoughtful and delightful essays on such fairy tales of science and long results of time as the newly-discovered structure of the microcosmic atom, the anti-toxin theories and their applications to the saving of so many lives from diphtheria and other diseases, the recent extensions, made more complete since the essay was written by the polarisation of the Röntgen rays, in our knowledge of the spectrum of "light"—about one-twentieth part of which is "light" in our eyes—and many other subjects.

The Magic Mirror.

LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE, 1883-1900. By Mary King Waddington. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE writer of these Letters is an American woman, daughter of a President of Columbia College, who after her father's death settled in Paris with her mother and sisters, and there in 1874 became the wife of M. Waddington. He was then Minister of Public Instruction, later was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in 1883 was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

The volume is a smoothly written record of things done and seen at the houses of the great, and to those who enjoy the spectacle and the conversation of royalty, although through the eyes and ears of another, it will bring pleasant reading.

There are a few on whom such things would soon pall even at first hand, but not on this account alone do we confess that for us the book has proved a disappointment. For we came to it with lively expectations. The letters of an American woman married to a French diplomat who had been for nine years Ambassador to England promised excellent reading. If we did not look for wells of wisdom or a keen realisation of the envying mysteries, we did expect a point of view. And we should have been pleased by an unconventional point of view, and some consciousness that there are other interests in the world besides those of "the smart set."

But all we get is the point of view which the average educated Englishwoman, suddenly launched into Court circles from the suburbs, could have given us—a serious joy, pleasantly expressed, in ceremonies and puerilities. We are reminded of a saying of the great Maeterlinck: "In our passage through life we meet scarcely any who do not persist with a kind of unreasoning obstinacy, in throning the material within them, and there maintaining it supreme," which he proceeds to illustrate by a striking metaphor. Suppose, says he, that at any given moment in the society of those whom we choose to call the elect, the words happiness, joy, ideal, were pronounced, and that in some magic mirror or miraculous basket could be gathered together the images which these words had evoked in the minds of those who heard them, what should we find the basket or mirror to contain? Gold, precious stones, strange jewels, gauds representing vanity's dreams, a palace, splendid apartments, an ample park, and above all, though we may hesitate to confess it, there would be sumptuous repasts, noble wines and glittering tables.

These Letters actually resemble Maeterlinck's magic mirror, for they are the almost instantaneous record of what struck the writer as being really of value and importance, and we find the glittering jewels, the sumptuous repasts, and the splendid apartments faithfully reflected therein. We should be exceedingly sorry to have to count the number of times that a "handsome dinner well served" stars the surface, whence too are imaged back for us ducal bedchambers upholstered in rose-colour, enormous beds with yellow silk draperies, and strange-looking figures in the obsolete fashions of the eighties. Daughters of to-day desirous of knowing in what guise their mother faced the world twenty years since, may enjoy the following:—

I wore *fraise-écrasé* velvet, the front covered with white *point à l'aiguille*—I went in my black *crêpon de laine* with some lace put on the top of the flounce, a little *crêpe* bonnet (with a *souçon* of jet) and an ordinary dotted tulle veil—I wore the blue brocade with bunches of cherries, the front of *moussé* velvet, and a light blue *crêpe* bonnet, neither gloves nor veil.

And we do not find much else to quote in the volume which would not also give the idea of having been taken from the newspaper account of a social function or the fashion article of a lady's journal. We must make an exception, however, for the description of Mme. Waddington's final audience with the Queen in 1893. The Queen apologised for having kept her waiting, saying she herself had been detained by a visit from Mr. Gladstone:—

She then paused a moment, and I made a perfectly banal remark, "What a wonderful man, such an extraordinary intelligence"; to which she replied, "He is very deaf."

Then there was a luncheon given at Hatfield for the Prince of Wales and the German Emperor, and it is owing entirely to the presence of the latter that a little life and animation still seem to run and sparkle among the ashes. This is the story: halfway through the meal Mme. Waddington's necklace became unclasped, and she asked the Portuguese Minister who sat next her to fasten it. He tried and failed, and both he and the lady

grew red and flustered. Their confusion was increased by hearing

the Emperor from his table calling W.'s attention to the fact that "le Portugal était en train d'étrangler la France"; also Staal saying that his "Collegue du Portugal se livrait à une gymnastique étrange." They all made various jokes at my expense, and the Prince said "Let me do it," but he couldn't either, and again we heard the Emperor remarking, "Maintenant c'est plus sérieux—l'Angleterre s'en mêle." W., who had his back to me and who couldn't see what was going on, was decidedly mystified, and wondered what on earth I was doing to attract so much attention, in fact he was rather annoyed.

For in these much-to-be-pitied circles the ideal is an ideal of absolute uniformity, of rigid conventionality. Men and women gravely endeavour to imitate calico and sawdust dolls, wire-pulled to eat and drink, bow and smile, to perform the same mechanical actions and utter the same mechanical phrases in precisely the same tones. Any unrehearsed or unforeseen little incident such as the one given above, which need not have disturbed the composure of a child of ten, throws the actors into agonies of embarrassment, covers them with shame.

And it is inevitable that the hand gets at last subdued to what it works in, that a long course of society finally deprives all but the strongest of every characteristic, of any trace of personality, and he becomes nothing but a replica of other well-dressed, well-bred, well-mannered people, each engaged in playing the same tedious game.

We seldom come across in this volume a glimpse of a real human creature beneath the Paris and Bond Street clothes. When we do it is the more welcome, and we like the little picture of Madame Waddington who, in 1883, had accompanied her husband to Petersburg for the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, putting on her court train over her travelling dress, and in her locked and empty ball-room whisking backwards and forwards and making low curtsies to her two maids stationed at the other end. On this occasion it was the maids who were embarrassed, for the servants of the great very naturally strive to attain the same artificial and inhuman standard as do the great people themselves.

The writing of the book flows along easily enough, and is always beautifully urbane. But it is not good, it is not English. It is not English to say: "We really didn't derange him very much," nor "They have sometimes affiches in their windows," nor "At (such-and-such a firm of drapers), I am told, there are excellent occasions." The writer, like so many people, seems unable to keep two different languages distinct in her mind, and we are reminded of a little boy friend of ours who used to speak of his collie as "a very sal dog." To this we think the comic horrors of Esperanto would almost be preferable.

Poets and War.

WAR-SONGS OF BRITAIN. Selected by Harold E. Butler. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE "War-Songs of Britain" suggests rather a well-worn theme for anthologies in this day of fashionable Imperialism. Though nominally they do not clash, yet essentially Mr. Henley's "Lyra Heroica," that sheaf of all which is brave, manly, martial, and resonant, has cropped the field pretty closely before all subsequent harvesters of the martial muse. Other professedly martial anthologists have followed; and a collection like this, to secure both individuality and merit, should limit its scope in some distinctive way. One would gather from his preface that Mr. Butler had endeavoured this, that he had aimed to give a chronological "record of the wars of Britain as sung by her poets"—a quite distinctive, but severely exclusive, ambition. It would be the more exclusive because one also gathers from the preface that

he (quite properly) was of mind to bar out all such verse as did not reach even "the lower levels of poetry." On such lines a small and very select volume might be compiled. Historical gaps there would be, such as Mr. Butler acknowledges in the present volume, because many of the most famous fights are unsung, or sung by those that could not sing. But there would at least be no poetic gaps; no poems that reach a certain standard would be omitted: and there would be no false filling of gaps; no unworthy verse would find its way in to swell the volume, still less poems which did not come within the specific definition of its scope.

Such a volume might have been; such a volume, unfortunately, Mr. Butler has not given us. That all has not been included which might have been included is a minor matter. Few anthologies escape such criticism, since individual commonly falls short of collective judgment. For example, to represent the Anglo-Saxon wars, Mr. Butler gives us Mr. Auchmuty's "Fight at Maldon," which imitates the Saxon war-songs. But why not have given us a version of the famous Saxon "Battle of Brunanburgh," Tennyson's martial and spirited rendering for choice? Byron's passage on the eve of Waterloo is given, but why not the passage from the same poem ("Childe Harold") on the Battle of Albuera? And why, from the Tennysonian selections, should the "Ballad of the Revenge" be absent, while not only the "Charge of the Light Brigade," but such a poem as "Riflemen, Form," is inserted? One might almost (though obviously with less, and perhaps inadequate, ground) petition that since the old Scottish poem on the Battle of Harlaw is given, we should also have had Scott's fine fragment from "The Antiquary" on the same battle. We may complain, too, that in the Scottish ballad of Otterbourne the spelling is wantonly modernised, not only to the frequent dimming of the poetic effect, but also to the occasional marring of the rhyme. Thus "beneath the blooming brier" makes no rhyme with "here"; the Scots poet wrote "brere." The same impoverished rhyme is repeated later. But these are minor things. More important is it to ask what is the poetic quality of "Mary Ambree," or Blackie's "Lay of the Brave Cameron," or, indeed, one might ask of other and older Scottish poems which are inserted with a liberality that might almost argue Mr. Butler a Scotsman? And most important is it to ask what some of these, and a number of other poems, have to do with the scope and scheme of the book, as a "record of the wars of Britain as sung by her poets"? What have Scott's "Soldier, Rest," "The Bonnie House of Airlie," or Campbell's "Soldier's Dream" to do with British battles? The first and last refer to soldiers, but are purely sentimental, not warlike. The second is a mere incident of Scottish clan-feud; and there is no reason why some score of far superior ballads on the same general theme (which anyone can name for himself) should not have found place if this was to have place. Southey's "Battle of Blenheim" is merely moral, not martial at all. It is a very liberal interpretation which calls "Hearts of Oak" and "The British Grenadiers" records of war. Such general martial sentiment could be raked together in any quantity; while poems they are not in any possible sense. There is much, indeed, which only by a lax construction comes under the announced intention of the anthology, though it is over-good for us to cavil at its inclusion. On the whole, this is a not too inspiring and brilliant specimen of what the national poets have done for the national wars: though perhaps not much better material could be found, and we gladly acknowledge that Mr. Butler has brought together a number of excellent poems, along with much that one must confess to be not above second rate. But that is the fault of the poets rather than the selector.

Bathos.

THE OLYMPIAD: CLASSIC TALES IN VERSE. By Indicus. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

THE modest author who veils his accomplished identity under the name of "Indicus," in a brief preface defends his use of "rhyming heroics" as a vehicle for tales drawn from classic mythology, by appealing to the great examples of Dryden and Pope (in his "magnificent rendering of Homer's 'Iliad'") and Johnson and Goldsmith and Byron. Well, there are two opinions—or perhaps critics might say no two opinions—about Pope's "Homer"; but the thing needs no defence. And the main conception of "Indicus's" startling poem goes further back than Pope or even Dryden—to no less ancient and famous a poet than Ovid. "Indicus," splendidly daring, has conceived the idea of rivalling the "Metamorphoses"—or, at least, writing a poem after the manner of English translations of the "Metamorphoses." Very possibly he is unconscious of this fact, with the unconsciousness of genius; but to the critic it is obvious. He has not shrunk from a something like Ovidian scale: this "Olympiad," this poem on the exploits of the gods and heroes, is in some nine or so Cantos, which might as well have been Books, each with its subdivisions, irresistibly suggesting the Latin poet.

We cannot say that he has rivalled Ovid, or even Dryden, or Pope, or Goldsmith, or Johnson. But with that simple unconsciousness of genius, he has hit upon a success apparently beyond his modest conjecture or desire—he has produced (in some respects) an admirable humorous poem, or let us say mock-heroic. One large element in the successful mock-heroic style is the piquant conjunction of a serious line (or sometimes series of lines) with an unexpectedly prosaic line. It is technically called *bathos*. Thackeray's delightful prize poem on "Timbuctoo" has some excellent specimens. For instance:—

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account.

The strut of the first line makes the prose of the second an incongruous surprise, which startles us into laughter. Now, while we cannot take the "Olympiad" seriously, there are few modes of the bathetic over which it does not show a mastery:—

First of the gods to whom my voice I raise
In this (albeit unworthy) song of praise,
Stands Jove, the Grecian Zeus, of Heaven the King,
Of whose career and attributes I sing.

The interjected scrap of pedagogic information about Jove's Greek name is itself a surprise, and is followed by the plain journalese of the last line. This trick of interjected information occurs with parallel effect in many passages. But much better is:—

Jove warred for long with Titan's rebel sons,
Who hurled like playthings rocks of many tons.

The sudden reportorial diction of the second line comes with excellent contrast, suggesting Sandow and Strong Men. Then "Indicus" becomes downright waggish concerning Zeus, or Jove (he stands on no ceremony about which language he shall keep to), who:—

To pleasure gave the reins and jollity,
And may the God his people's sire be named,
As legion was the progeny he claimed,
While for the mistresses, and wives he wed,
And maidens from the path of virtue led,
They numbered more, indeed, than one could count,
And scarce in Greece was any grove or fount
But gave its Naiad or Nymph to his embrace.

The burlesque humour of conventional diction in the line we italicise, applied to such a theme, needs no comment.

Then, apropos of Danæ, is another admirable specimen of bathetic effect:—

'Tis said the story of the shower of gold
The *auri sacra fames* shows is old
As even the existence of mankind on earth,
For thus is traced the classic legend's birth,
And possibly the anecdote may be
Intended only as a simile.

To get an unexpectedly prosaic effect after the tolerably conventional nature of the opening lines might have seemed impossible; but in the couplet we italicise "Indicus" has contrived it. But perhaps most irresistible of all is the stroke which tells how Jove wooed the Spartan Zeda; and—

Finding Sparta's Queen in wanton mood,
In course of time a pair of eggs appeared.

Comment would only spoil that. As a poem, the "Olympiad" may have defects; as an exercise in a certain kind of humour, it is worth its price.

Other New Books.

MILTON ON THE CONTINENT. By Mrs. Fanny Byse. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is one of the books which bring a discredit upon the study of literary history out of all proportion to their own demerit. Much industry and even ingenuity is devoted to working out a thesis which the scantiest measure of literary sense ought to have shown at the very beginning to be untenable. The "ideal" character of the landscape in Milton's "l'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" has impressed itself upon every competent student. It is of the memory and the tradition more than the eye; the most that you can say is that it is generically English. Mrs. Byse laboriously endeavours to find in the two poems traces of Milton's continental journeys. Thus she takes—

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,

and has the face to tell us that the tower is not any tower but the tower of Duin near Bex, and the beauty not any beauty but the Lady Eleonore d'Aigremont, who lived in the tower of Duin. Milton, she thinks, saw the tower and heard about the lady, when he came over the Alps from Italy, which he must therefore have done by way of the Simplon. What next?

HORSES NINE. By Sewell Ford. (Newnes.)

MR. FORD has succeeded in writing about horses with sympathy, actuality, and without too much sentiment. Sentiment there is, of course, but it is sentiment which springs from knowledge. Before one has read a dozen pages, one sees that Mr. Ford knows a great deal about these beautiful and gentle creatures, whose fate it has been to become marketable things. The book has both humour and pathos. It would be difficult to say which of these nine sketches is the best. On the whole, perhaps, "Skipper" and "Bonfire" have appealed to us most. We have known horses whose fate, up to a certain point, has been "Skipper's" fate; but usually, in the case of horses as in the case of men, the end has been pure tragedy. "Skipper" was saved from that by the kindly recollection and appreciation of a man who had known him at his best. "Bonfire," on the other hand, belonged to a woman.

Mr. Ford's unpretentious volume is really interesting; the author knows men and women as well as horses. The fact that the book is obviously American rather pleases us, for there is no doubt that it is genuine American, and we have not noticed a single false note.

BY A NORTHERN SEA. By W. K. Fleming. (Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a little volume of verse, mainly devotional, which has given us real pleasure. It is not great verse, but by reason of the fact that it was worth writing and worth printing, it stands far above most of the verse with which we are called upon to deal. Mr. Fleming has a sense of form which seldom fails him; occasionally he employs an assonance in place of a rhyme—a fault for which he may hardly be forgiven—but as a rule he takes his art quite seriously. There is humanity, too, in his work, a sense of the beauty of the world as well as a sense of the things of the spirit. Mr. Fleming is rather unequal, so that no single poem quite suggests his best, but the following—"A Passing Gleam"—we may quote as typical:—

So be thou content, if thou know, at the dusk of the day,
Whate'er it has witnessed of duty misdone or abhorred,
Thou still art the stronger at moonrise, aware that the
way
Of thy feet was, for even a moment, the way of the
Lord.

Content, for some space of self-conquest, short-lived yet
complete,

Thou hast found, some new coign of thy heart set
at rest—it is well;

By so much thou art nearer to Heav'n, to the Christ,
and thy feet

Are thee further from Hell.

Good devotional verse in our day is rare. There is, in truth, no lack of it, but as a rule it is something of a forced growth, flourishing, so far as it does flourish, in a kind of miasma of sentiment. Mr. Fleming is usually simple and direct; where he is imitative he goes to good models for inspiration.

LA CRISE DU TRADE-UNIONISME. Par Paul Mantoux et Maurice Alfassa. (Paris: Arthur Rousseau.)

THIS volume, issued by the Musée Social and honoured with the support of the French Minister of Commerce and Industry, provides an excellent account of the recent judicial decisions concerning trade unions, which have done so much to threaten the stability of those far-reaching organisations. The first part of the work deals mainly with the Taff Vale case, and the effects of the judgment against the railway men's union. Then follows an account of the campaign in "The Times" against the ca'canny system, with an examination of the charges. Lastly, there are interesting descriptions of the Free Labour Association and the National Industrial Federation. In view of the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider existing labour legislation, no student of the economics of industry can afford to neglect this valuable study by two able Frenchmen.

Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl has issued, in a useful form, a volume containing over two hundred reproductions of pictures in the National Gallery. The preface is by Dr. Karl Voll. On the whole the reproductions are fairly good. From the same publisher comes a volume containing reproductions of masterpieces in the Amsterdam Museum.

A useful handbook for librarians is Mr. J. D. Brown's "Manual of Library Economy" (Scott, Greenwood). Mr. Brown, out of a wide experience, writes clearly and practically. While admitting that library practice in France and the United States has gone further than in England, the author maintains that their tendency to stereotyped methods has had a paralysing effect. British practice, on the other hand, has been freely experimental, so that there remains room for improvement and readjustment. The volume is fully illustrated.

Fiction.

BEGGAR'S MANOR. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WE are still waiting for a really good novel from Mr. Gilchrist. Once or twice he has come near to writing one; in this story the goal is still a long way off. "Beggar's Manor" is interesting, in parts vivid, in parts quite simply and finely actual, but it does not somehow hang together. There are certain concessions to sentiment which we do not like, particularly the love story between a pair of oldish people; on the other hand, there are incidents dragged in for the purpose of securing an effect almost revolting. We may admit that Emma might have whipped her pseudo-husband's pet dog out of sheer malice, but when she drenches it with brandy and throws it into the garden to die we see too violent a suggestion of the limelight. In other respects the scheming, passionate, neglected, and irresponsible Emma is a character who compels our belief, compels it, in fact, much more convincingly than does the owner of the neglected Beggar's Manor. We do not believe in Charles Babington, particularly when we remember those ancestors of his on whom Mr. Gilchrist insists so strongly. But, accepting the situation brought about by a sense of chivalry which was quite misplaced and foolish, surely the end should have been tragedy and not prospective wedding bells.

Incidentally the story is well conceived and well told. Mr. Gilchrist gets his Peak Country atmosphere and flavour without effort and without over-emphasis; his simple statements often have a visual force which could hardly be bettered. And he gives us the tone and environment of Beggar's Manor with a skill which is quite his own. The relatives and retainers, too, of the young master of the Manor are put in with a sureness of touch which is as true as it is delightful. There is not a hint of dullness in the book; in point of mere interest it never fails. Where, to our own thinking, it does fail is in certain points of psychology such as we have indicated. But on those points the whole conduct of the narrative turns.

LONDON ROSES. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

BOOKS do not often impress us by the fitness of their titles so surely as this one does. "London Roses" exactly expresses the idyllic view that Miss McChesney has here chosen to take of modern London. The note is struck in the first chapter, where an acquaintance is begun in the reading-room at the British Museum through the chance dropping of a rose upon an old manuscript; and roses and manuscripts, laughter and toil, are pleasantly intermingled all through the rest of the story. The story, though interesting enough in a quiet way, is not what one remembers best, however, on closing the book. One is most grateful to the author for the charming atmosphere in which she contrives to enwrap her reader from the first page to the last, and for the sense of pleasant companionship with

pleasant people that is produced by this short volume—acquaintance with her men and her women—especially with her women. Having said so much, we must at once hasten to add of her book what the author says herself of her heroine, that her graver moments “redeemed her from the reproach of prettiness”; for “London Roses” is not by any means merely a pretty book. If the very wholesome Americanism—Americanism of the right sort—of Rhoda Comstock did not in itself refute a charge of this kind, the admirably drawn character of Aunt Sophie would supply all the graver moments that were needed to stamp the book as one of those that have been carefully imagined. No one could have her humorous outlook upon life, without having sounded the depths at one time or another; and her delightful remarks add the necessary balance to a refreshingly cheerful story. When Rhoda, at the close of the first visit of the young man she eventually loves and marries, looks out dreamily to the western sky and thinks she is “just a little homesick,” it is Aunt Sophie who says enigmatically, “Home-sickness is a convenient emotion.” When Rhoda’s cousin asks, “Do you never feel a need to touch the pain of the world?” and Rhoda answers that she has “no great use for pain” as she likes “to get at life”—it is Aunt Sophie who remarks, “You are both very young not to have observed that you’re talking of the same thing.” And it is Aunt Sophie again who says that an idyll is the saddest thing in the world, because of all that must be left out to make it. Yet her discernment leads her also to make such sharp observations as that “It seems to be a soldier’s duty to go into danger when he’s ordered to, and a war correspondent’s to be in danger all the time.”

There are faults in the book, undoubtedly; here and there just a trifle too much erudition of the booky sort, and here and there an overdrawn character, such as the moth or the little lady who copies birds in the museum, which suggest Dickens not at his best. But as a whole, it is a careful piece of work, and merits notice on that account.

SIR ANTHONY AND THE EWE LAMB. By the Author of “Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man.” (Harper’s.)

THIS belongs to the class of book that is generally dismissed as clever. The characterisation is clever, the dialogue is clever, the plot—what there is of it—is clever. Beryl Hilby is a charming and empty-headed young woman; she flirts with Sir Anthony, whom she does not love, and she trifles with Cunliffe Seymour, whom she does love. She has delightful parents, who act from the first page of the book to the last with the inconsistency proper to the parents of fiction; and she has two brothers who lecture and spoil her respectively. The little bits of family life, that the author gives us here and there, are as well done as anything in the book.

Unfortunately, cleverness is not everything; and the deeper qualities that go to make up a book are wanting in this one. It is all too easy, too frothy, too superficial, and, on occasion, too flippant. There is nothing edifying in a remark of this sort, for instance—

It is an excellent principle to begin at the beginning. It sets a good example. . . . It is, therefore, a comforting thought that the Recording Angel, if he possesses one atom of fairness, must begin at the beginning when he jots down the scores for—or against—us.

We should advise the anonymous author of “Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb” not to dissipate her talent by writing any more books of this sort. There is more in life than the surface side of it.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week’s Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

MORE KIN THAN KIND.

BY GERARD FITZSTEPHEN.

A story of upper class life. The chief characters are two young Oxford men, one a fellow and tutor of his college, and the other the head of a distinguished and wealthy family with liberal traditions. The book opens with a conversation in which they discuss family obligations. “‘I want to live my life,’ said Branscombe, ‘to realise my personality, to escape from this eternal self-sacrifice to other people.’” The note of the book is hinted by the title. Mr. Fitzstephen writes suggestively of Oxford. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LOVE THAT OVERCAME.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Opens in Paris at the house of a lady who, in less democratic days, had been the wife of a marquis, and who aspired to a revival of “the old French *salon*.” Here we meet the heroine, an English girl fresh from a convent school. The man she loved was leading the life of a penniless adventurer, and the story tells how she gave him “an aim and object to balance his love of excitement.” (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LUCK OF BARERAKES.

BY CAROLINE MARRIAGE.

A dialect story of the North Riding. At Barerakes Farm lived “Black Dog,” and his son, “a lazy ne’er-do-weel,” of whom his father prophesies, in the dispute with which the book opens, that he will die on the gallows. The plot turns on a murder, and the action passes in a remote village of a hundred years ago. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MY CHANGE OF MIND.

BY MRS. ATKEY.

“A story of the Power of Faith.” “It is not for egoism or a pastime that I, Lettice Hope, sit down to write this story of the last year. In the storm that came into my life I happened upon a rock, where I rested and was safe.” That rock was religious faith, by which the heroine surmounted the difficulties in which we find her when the book opens. The story is of middle class life and is written in the hope that it may be “a help and encouragement to all who read it.” (Stock. 6s.)

A MAN IN LOVE.

BY A. M. DIEHL.

The Dormers were Lord St. George’s land stewards. The man in love with Beryl Dormer was the heir to the title, and when the earl pleaded with her on his brother’s behalf, “he gazed admiringly into her great innocent eyes and felt a curious thrill.” Misfortune fell upon the steward’s family, but the man in love with Beryl in the last chapter is not the heir, but the earl himself. The story leaves her as the Countess of St. George. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE MASTER OF MILLIONS.

BY GEORGE C. LORIMER.

A long romance of modern life. The quotation on the title page tells us that “many a tattered garment hides a package of bonds, and that gorgeous clothing does not always cover a millionaire.” The scene of the first book is at Edinburgh fifty years ago. The hero is imprisoned for a crime of which he is innocent and escapes to Australia, where, half a century later, we find the mysterious millionaire. The story moves to England and contains love, crime, mystery, and financial speculation. (Revell. 6s.)

We have also received: “Nobody’s Widow,” by Gertrude Warden (Digby, Long); “The Southern Cross,” by Hew Stirling (Sonnenschein); “The Staff in Flower” (Greening); “The Lyons Mail,” adapted from the French of A. Excoffon by R. H. Sherard (Greening); “Dragooning a Dragoon,” by E. Livingston Prescott (Hutchinson); “Anglo-Americans,” by Lucas Cleeve (Unwin); “The Sins of a Saint,” by J. R. Aitken (Sonnenschein.)

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A Great Mystic.

ANYTHING approaching true mysticism is not common in English literature; indeed to the ordinary Englishman the word savours of something occult and almost unholy, as though it implied an invocation to draw fools into a circle. The form and spirit of the mysticism of the East is largely unknown to the West; even the mystics who bear the terrible and beautiful name of Saint, are accepted with that vagueness which demands no inner appreciation of the soul. Yet, from time to time, there appears a western writer who is a true interpreter of mysticism—such a writer, for instance, as Mr. Edward Hutton. In a sense, of course, all great poetry has mysticism in its very essence and fibre; it is the expression of the passion of the spirit of man. Symbolism in all its forms—and these forms are sometimes neurotic and foolish enough—is an attempt to break through the things which are visible and temporal, to the heart of the things which are unseen and eternal. And this desire to attach the apparently finite to the infinite does not necessarily carry with it any discontent with the visible world; in its highest development, the desire is coexistent with the most exalted delight in the beauty and glamour which are, as it were, the souls of flowers and winds and clouds and waters, and the immortal beauty of the mortal human form.

The East was and is the home of mysticism, the home of ideas that never change and ideals that seem beyond corruption. The difficulty is to transpose those ideas and ideals into another tongue, to transplant without losing or vitiating the scent of the blossom. Successful translations from the innumerable horde of Persian poets are rare—so rare that most people think only of Omar and FitzGerald. Yet from time to time attempts are made, generally very modest attempts, and these, so long as they be sincere, we are always glad to welcome. Such an attempt has been made by Prof. William Hastie, of the University of Glasgow. In a little volume recently published, Prof. Hastie has rendered into English verse, "The Festival of Spring," from the Diván of Jelâleddin (MacLehose). Jelâleddin, says his latest translator, is now recognised as the greatest of the Persian mystical poets; he expressed more fully than any other the essence of Oriental mysticism, the doctrine of All in One, that belief in the final unity of all being which is the inevitable result of a pure and dependent faith. He was, as von Hammer said, the most perfect singer of the Sufi, "who on the wings of the highest religious enthusiasm . . . rising above all the outward forms of positive Religions, adores the Eternal Being, in the completest abstraction from all that is sensuous and earthly, as the purest Source of Eternal Light." The enthusiasm of von Hammer, whom Prof. Hastie takes for undisputed guide, ran to rather meaningless hyperbole, as when he added: "Mevlânâ Jelâleddin thus soars, not only like other Lyrical Poets, such as Hafiz, over Suns and Moons, but even above Space and Time, above the

world of Creation and Fate, above the Original Contract of Predestination, and beyond the Last Judgment into the Infinite, where in Eternal Adoration he melts into One with the Eternal Being, and infinitely loving, becomes One with the Infinite Love—ever forgetting himself and having only the great All in view." That kind of writing makes for mere obscurity.

This spiritual child, then, of the thirteenth century was of that sect of the Sufi's which, as he himself said, "profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual, all is mystery within mystery." How far many of the Sufis departed from their ideal is made apparent by Omar's bitter satire, but Jelâleddin seems to have held it pure and undefiled. In the year of his death the young Dante was beginning to catch at divine inspiration, and the age was preparing for the exquisitely austere spirit of à Kempis. It was a time of subtle spiritual movement, both East and West, and we may almost suppose that Jelâleddin was conscious of the universal thrill. Certainly these verses have a beautiful spiritual faculty, an exalted perception of a desire which is assured of its accomplishment. The writer has no hesitations, no doubts, no enervating sophistries; his appeal is through man and the loveliness of external things to God.

We are not at all convinced that Prof. Hastie has done wisely to adhere so closely to the Persian form; so mechanical a construction does not suit the genius of our language; the continual play upon single rhymes or single words becomes a weariness. As an experiment the method is interesting, but the only safe form of translation is that which adapts the spirit of the original to the new medium. In the case of the quatrain the matter stood differently; there was a form which gave to English verse a new measure and almost a new impulse. Yet, as they stand, Prof. Hastie's renderings are worth careful consideration; even when least poetical they often have delicate suggestion, and nearly always he has seized something of the impulse and exaltation of the original. One of the best examples is "The Soul in All":—

A Mote I in the Sunshine, yet am the Sun's vast Ball;
I bid the Sun spread Sunlight, and make the mote be small.
I am the Morning Splendour; I am the Evening Breeze;
I am the Leaf's soft Rustle; the Billow's rise and Fall.
I am the Mast and Rudder, the Steersman and the Ship;
I am the Cliff out-jutting, the Reef of Coral Wall.
I am the Bird Ensnarer, the Bird and Net as well;
I am both Glass and Image; the Echo and the Call.
I am the Tree and Branches, and all the Birds thereon;
I am both Thought and Silence, Tongues' Speech, and Ocean Squall.
I am the Flute when piping, and Man's Soul breathing breath;
I am the sparkling Diamond, and Metals that enthrall.
I am the Grape enclustered, the Wine-press and the Must;
I am the Wine, Cup-bearer, and crystal Goblet tall.
I am the Flame and Butterfly, which round it circling flits;
I am the Rose and Nightingale, the Rose's Passioned Thrall.
I am the Cure and Doctor, Disease and Antidote;
I am the Sweet and Bitter, the Honey and the Gall.
I am the War and Warrior, the Victor and the Field;
I am the City peaceful, the Battle and the Brawl.
I am the Brick and Mortar, the Builder and the Plan,
I am the Base and Gable, new House and ruined Hall.
I am the Stag and Lion, the Lamb and black-maw'd Wolf;
I am the Keeper of them, who shuts them in one Stall.
I am the Chain of Beings, the Ring of circling Worlds;
The Stages of Creation, where'er it rise or fall.
I am what is and is not; I am—O Thou who know'st,
Jelâleddin, O tell it—I AM the SOUL in All!

That note has been struck by many Western singers since, notably by Emerson and Walt Whitman; yet here it seems to have a certain primal directness, a certain intuitive passion of conviction. The same idea is repeated by Jelâleddin in a score of forms; it is always the universality of man and

matter united to and made one with the universality of the Creator. Of the "Mystical Union" he cries:—

O Pearl in my Mussel Shell;
O Diamond in my darkest Mine!
My Honey is in Thee dissolved;
O Milk of Life, so mild, so fine!
Our Sweetnesses all blent in Thee
Give infant Lips their smiles benign.
Thou crushest me to Drops of Rose;
Nor 'neath the Press do I repine.
In Thy sweet Pain is Pain forgot;
For I, Thy rose, had this design.
Thou had'st me blossom on Thy Robe,
And mad'st me for all eyes Thy Sign;
And when Thou pour'st me on the World,
It blows in Beauty, all Divine.

Just so thought and wrote not a few of those who have trodden the bitter and joyful way of sainthood, and hardly differently have written many poets who have simply seen the world in rapt moments of contemplative ecstasy. To one with so glad a spirit of acceptance, with so single a vision, life is resolved into a song of praise. And that is the secret of mysticism, even though the ineffable vision be attained only after infinite agonies.

It would have been well if Prof. Hastie had been content to let Jelâleddin stand alone, but he has unwisely made his little volume a pretext for delivering a violent attack on Omar and FitzGerald. He sees only the worst in Omar and exaggerates that beyond all reason; the good he totally ignores. "Who cares now," he asks, "for his senile scepticism, his pessimistic whine, his withered cynicism, his agnostic blindness and despair, his insolent misanthropy, his impotent blasphemies? We know it all too well; it is only the work of shattered nerves, a muddled brain, and irreligious self-dissipation." Here our Doctor of Divinity is on the war-path with a vengeance. We have not space to enter into a defence of Omar, nor, at this time of day, is any defence at all necessary. We wish merely to point out that Prof. Hastie entirely ignores the tenderness and beauty and humanity of Omar, and that he forsakes criticism for a foolish tirade.

There is fortunately room in literature for both Omar and Jelâleddin, for both Dionysus and Christ. We cannot afford to lose any beauty, any sense of suggestive mystery, any perception of the divine in any form. He who becomes a partisan in literature or in life is in danger of losing the finer elements of appreciation and of narrowing knowledge to barren formulas. Jelâleddin, at least, was no partisan when he wrote:—

I saw the Winter weaving from Flakes a Robe of Death;
And the Spring found Earth in Mourning, all naked, lone
and bare.
I heard Time's loom a-whirring that wove the Sun's dim
Veil;
I saw a Worm a-weaving in Life-threads its own Lair.
I saw the Great was Smallest, and saw the Smallest Great;
For God had set His Likeness on all the Things that were.

Books Too Little Known.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's Tales.

It is ten years since a London publisher presented an admirable selection of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's stories to that great public of ours which is, and may well be, richer in its opportunities than in its discernment. "Tales of New England" the neat, smooth, green volume was entitled, but though its little band of enthusiastic readers could be mustered from scattered English homes, many of the copies must have lain retired from the world, for no second edition of the Tales was issued. Some of its readers had hailed old friends among the stories, reprinted

from the magazine that has always stood for the best traditions in American literature—"The Atlantic Monthly," and some there were who recognised that in Miss Jewett's exquisite talent America had gained a writer who can be ranked second only to Hawthorne in her interpretation of the spirit of New England soil. Since that quiet uneventful appearance of "New England Tales" among us, Miss Jewett's works have made a few discreet attempts to enlarge their modest circle of English readers. "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "A Tory Lover," "The Queen's Twin," "The Life of Nancy," these books, and perhaps others, have been imported from time to time by English publishers who have placed their respected imprints on the Riverside editions. It is on the occasion of a fresh announcement by a London publisher of an English edition of "The King of Folly Island," that I venture to offer here a slight analysis of a talent that has had too scanty and transitory attention paid it. No doubt the fault has not been entirely on the English public's side. Miss Jewett's talent at its best is so quietly delicate, its spiritual aroma so subtle, that to come to it is like coming to one of the quiet sea beaches or woody hill-sides of Maine she so tenderly describes for us. "What is there to stay our attention?" the reader hardened by all the insistent effectiveness and unmitigated emphasis of most modern novelists may ask as they scan her unassuming pages. And in truth in some of Miss Jewett's early writings, as "Old Friends and New," "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," we feel that a certain faint charm is struggling unavailingly with an artistic method too monotonous, and in some of her later stories she has also her uninspired hours, where her subjects of common daily life have their uninteresting reaches and stretches which defy the delicacy of her hand. Moreover, in her historical novel, "A Tory Lover," she has clearly stepped outside her own art, and her art has refused definitely to accompany her on this hasty excursion. It is therefore the less surprising that the English public should have failed to discover and acclaim the exquisite portion of her work—let me sum it up here as thirty little masterpieces in the short story, and one book, "The Country of the Pointed Firs," by which I believe her position is permanently assured in American literature.

By what special excellence, the curious reader will ask, is the province of Miss Jewett's art marked out as a country set apart from its neighbours? By a peculiar spirituality which her work exhales, a spirituality which is inseparable from her unerring perception of her country-people's native outlook and instinctive attitude to life. It is by this exquisite spiritual gravity interpenetrating with the finest sense of humour, intensely, even maliciously discriminating, that Miss Jewett seems to speak for the feminine soul of the New England race. Her shade of humour cannot be described: it must be tasted in such delicious examples as "The Only Rose" or "The Guests of Mrs. Timms," but should my readers ask me to name a story that is an epitome of Miss Jewett's talent I will name "Miss Tempy's Watchers" as an example showing the finest shades of her quality. The story describes how two women, Mrs. Crowe and Sister Binson, are sitting up as watchers in the house of the dead woman, Miss Tempy, the night before the funeral. The slightly eerie relation of the living to the dead, the manner in which the two women are constrained to draw close together in outspoken confidences, and the way the character of the dead woman creates the powerful invisible atmosphere around them are most finely brought out. The sketch is tender, grave, wholly spiritual in its essence, but subtly strong is the feeling of our human frailty lurking in these good women's private chat. It is the taint of human life's appetites and human life's necessities that is so finely indicated by contrast with the impassive silence of the dead. Here it is the fine flower of the Puritan nature that speaks in Miss Jewett's art, though the delight she takes in human

nature as human nature argues perhaps that she has inherited some artistic strain foreign to the Puritan. A clearness of phrase almost French is allied indeed to her innate precision of language. Her gift for characterization is exceedingly subtle, but neither rich nor profound. Her people are sketched rather in their essential outlines than in their exact lineaments. It is puzzling to say by what hidden artistic spell she manages so craftily to indicate human character—as in the characters of William and Mrs. Hight in the story, "A Dunnet Shepherdess," but after a few subtle hints are dropped here and there, her people are felt to be living an intensely individual life, one all their own, beyond their creator's control or volition. This gift of indicating character by a few short simple strokes is the gift of the masters. Perhaps we shall touch near to the secret of Miss Jewett's power and the secret of her limitations if we say that her art is exceedingly feminine in the sense that she has that characteristically feminine patience with human nature which is intimately enrooted in a mother's feeling. Just as a woman's criticism of the people near and dear to her is modified by her instinctive understanding (shared by man in a far fainter degree) that nothing will ever change them radically, so Miss Jewett's artistic attitude shows a completely sympathetic patience with the human nature she has watched and carefully scrutinized. Her gift is therefore the gift of drawing direct from nature, with an exquisite fidelity to what appeals to her feminine imagination—such as the infinite variety of women's perceptions in their personal relations; but the feminine insight only moves along the plane of her sympathetic appreciation, and she can invent nothing outside it, neither has she a depth of creative feeling apart from her actual observation of human life. She is receptive but not constructive in her talent. It is for this reason that her historical novel, "A Tory Lover," is almost a complete failure. All the men in the book are masculine ciphers, and its real hero, Paul Jones, never begins to live. On the other hand, when she is content to interpret for us the characteristic attitude to life of grimly hardworking New England spinsters, such as Miss Peck, in "Miss Peck's Promotion," or broad matronly natures such as the village wife, the herb-gatherer, in "The Country of the Pointed Firs," we get a delicious revelation of how men by nature play the second fiddle in women's eyes. Man as a boy, a lover, a husband, brother, father or friend, with his somewhat obtrusive personality as an honest, well-meaning, forceful creature, is shown us as filling up woman's mental background in Miss Jewett's stories, but woman herself it is that decides, arranges and criticises her own life, and the life of her friends, enemies, relations, and of the whole parish—and the reader has a sense in her pages that should the curtain be dropped on the feminine understanding, the most interesting side of life would become a mere darkened chaos to the isolated masculine understanding.

I have spoken of Miss Jewett's art as coming second only to Hawthorne's in its spiritual interpretation of the New England character. In originality of vision, and in intense and passionate creative force she is, of course, not to be compared with him. The range of her insight is undeniably restricted. Nevertheless, it makes the cosmopolitan appeal, that all art of high quality makes, and her work at its best, no less than Hawthorne's, conveys to us a mysterious sense of her country people's mental and moral life, seen as a whole in relation to their environment and to their past, and reveals it as the natural growth of the very definite history of the many Puritan generations that have gone before them. In stories such as "Decoration Day," "The Hiltons' Holiday," "A Dunnet Shepherdess," and in scenes in "The Country of the Pointed Firs," such as "The Bowden Reunion," and "Shellheap Island," her art attains to that highest perfection of literature when the fleeting passage of life presented is felt in its invisible

relations to immense reaches of human life around it, in which as in an ocean it blends, merges, and is lost. "The Hiltons' Holiday," a sketch describing how a countryman drives his two little girls on a summer's day to the neighbouring town of Topham Corners, is an amazing instance of how widely a homely record of family life in the true artist's hands can suggest the great horizons of the human life which it typifies. There is "nothing" in the tale and yet there is everything—fatherhood, motherhood, the spirit of childhood—it is an extraordinarily fine performance, an epitome of universal family life.

Now this rare poetic breath that emanates from Miss Jewett's homely realism is her artistic reward for caring above all things for the essential spiritual reality of her scenes, and for departing not a hair's-breadth from its prosaic actualities. A word wrong, a note untrue, the slightest straining after effect, and the natural atmosphere of scene and place would be destroyed, and the whole illusion of the life presented would be shattered. Often, of course, this rare poetic breath is not found enveloping Miss Jewett's stories: sometimes her keen sense of humour, as it were, keeps it at a natural distance, as in "The Passing of Sister Barsett," a delicious little comedy of the feminine soul, and occasionally as in "The King of Folly Island," we feel that though it is floating around the unobtrusive spiritual drama of the misanthropic George Quint, and his poor daughter Phebe, self-exiled on their barren island, that it fades away a little soon, when the author, shown by some hesitation in her technique, has not quite arrived at the point of absolute unity in treating her subject. It is indeed by the extreme rarity of artists having that complete spiritual possession of their subjects, shown by an entire creative sympathy with it, that we must explain the fact that out of the thousands of imaginative writers each generation produces, not a dozen achieve any subtle perfection in the quality of their work. To discover intimately the subtle laws by which individual character works, to catch the shifting shades of tone by which a man reveals to the onlooker how life is affecting him, is not a common gift, but to reproduce by written words a perfect illusion, a perfect mirage of life, with each character seen in its proper perspective in a just relation to the exterior world around it, with everybody breathing their natural atmosphere and a general sense of life's inevitable flux and flow diffused through the whole—this is such an artistic feat that we need not wonder that Miss Jewett has succeeded only when she is writing as a close and humble student of nature. Almost anybody can produce an arbitrary, concocted picture of life in which every line is a little false, and every tone is exaggerated. Such pictures of life are often as plausibly interesting as the scenes of a spirited panorama. They serve their purpose. But in relation to the rare art which synthesizes for us the living delicacy of nature they are what most modern popular fiction is to the poetic realism of "The Country of the Pointed Firs." So delicate is the artistic lesson of this little masterpiece that it will probably be left for generations of readers less hurried than ours to assimilate.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

An Ascent from Grocery.

THE pale urbanity of the young grocer had touched me. His delivery of heavy burdens on the first floor instead of at the door graciously accused him of unselfishness, and the season passed for festive. He was therefore invited into the dining-room to regale on mince pie and some sound, though by no means fabulous, wine. He accepted, and was admirably at ease.

"That's what I envy you," he said at length.

He pointed to the piano, upon which an open volume of music audaciously invited him to perform the symphony in which the humour of the greatest of musicians takes a farewell as bright as sheet lightning.

"Do you play?" I asked.

"O yes, but I have never learned."

"But you know a quaver from a crotchet?"

He coquetted with the words, as if he had never heard them mentioned, or as if the one stood for fretful and the other for eccentric music.

The wine lent him a little more pink than the convolvulus, and he expanded like that tender flower.

He said that he played anything he could get hold of. "Mozart?" Did I mean Mose-art? Oh! yes, he played Mose-art. He liked "the Kyrie"—the Kyrie of the twelfth mass, I suppose. "But," he added in a burst of pink confidence, "my favourite piece is 'The Robin.'"

"And whom may that be by?"

"L. Fisher," he responded.

I was eager to hear "The Robin," and seated at my piano, with Beethoven "arranged" by Wittmann looking down on him, he rendered the voluble song without words which he preferred to all other music his fingers could make.

I did not despise him. He was honest, and the senseless little piece rippled prettily under his loving touch. Certainly it was no robin chirping to me; lives there the robin who could utter himself in arpeggios? But there in the candid waters of the treble clef the lad's soul swam buoyantly and gladly, performing all the simple tricks of his parlour technique with the relish of an amateur acrobat. Yet even his robin had at last to cease.

He paused, was mildly commended, then, so timidly that I must reject even while requiring the adverbs "unexpectedly," "suddenly," to define the action, he struck the opening chord of the eighth symphony. Slowly he wobbled his way through some thirty bars of the movement which the composer has marked "Allegro vivace e con brio," then peeped round the corner, as it were, only to find that there were six more pages ere he could artistically halt, and to remember that a storekeeper cold to the greatest of composers, even to L. Fisher, was wondering why he was so long on his porter's errand.

He stopped, and wheeled round on his stool, briskly explanatory. Descending the stairs he flashed out to me that he could not bear to receive music-lessons from a lady.

Appropriately enough my next present to him was Badarzewska's "*La Prière d'une Vierge*." He took it rapturously as a poet his first "Keats," but I fancy that he will find it convenient to continue to say that his favourite composer is L. Fisher.

Drama.

The Point of Honour.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL has been playing at the New Theatre for a shorter time than one would wish in "*The Joy of Living*," which is a translation from the accomplished pen of Mrs. Wharton of Hermann Sudermann's play, "*Es Lebe das Leben*." It will be remembered that this was one of the pieces produced by a German company during the winter at the Great Queen Street Theatre, and that Frau Bertens, an actress of considerable reputation, came expressly from Berlin to take the part of Beata von Kellinghausen. There was therefore a double reason for not missing the performance at the New Theatre. It gave one an opportunity of comparing Mrs. Campbell's powers and methods of mimicry with those of

her German rival, just as one had recently been able to compare them with those of a considerable French actress, when Madame Jane Hading appeared at the Coronet in "*La Seconde Madame Tanqueray*." Personally, I thought that Mrs. Campbell came very well out of the double ordeal. She showed great subtlety and, where necessary, passion: and the remarkable naturalness of her technique quite justified her entry for the international tourney. So long as we have an actress who can hold her own against the histrionic champions of France and Germany, I, for one, shall not grudge those countries the dusty laurels of the Gordon-Bennett cup.

It was interesting, again, to see how Sudermann's play bore the somewhat trying test of translation. Hitherto, he has been chiefly known in English by "*Magda*," for one can hardly take the recent production, under not wholly favourable circumstances, of "*Sodom's Ende*" into serious account. "*The Joy of Living*" has real dramatic stuff in it, although, as I shall hope to show, it is not untouched by provincialism, in that it largely depends for its interest upon the acceptance of creeds and codes of behaviour which belong essentially to a narrow social group, and which it is a little difficult for those who stand outside that group to appreciate or even, fully, to understand. The group is that of the well-born classes of Prussia who are represented by the political party of the "Junkers." The people who count for the drama are Count Michael von Kellinghausen, his wife Beata, and Baron Richard von Volkerlingk. After her marriage Beata found life loveless. She met Richard under romantic circumstances and he became her lover. Subsequently he became friend and political associate, and honour demanded that the relations with Beata should cease. This was twenty years ago. Since then Beata has continued to watch over Richard's political career. Her daughter and Richard's son have grown up, and the children are in love with each other. Meanwhile she has made a good wife to Michael, and has an affection for him compatible with the love which she has never ceased to feel for Richard. At the beginning of the play Michael is retiring from the leadership of his party, and Richard is to succeed him. Then a bomb bursts. A socialist paper prints an article accusing Richard of an intrigue with his friend's wife. The secret, which the lovers had thought buried in the dead past, is in the hands of a former secretary, now turned socialist, of Richard's. Michael, who has no suspicions, proposes to bring an action for libel against the newspaper, but first, for form's sake, asks Richard, in Beata's presence, to deny that there is anything in the scandal. Richard, who lives in the future rather than in the past, is apparently about to do so, when Beata breaks in and insists upon the point of honour. "He will give you his word," she says, "and then he will go and shoot himself." This reveals all. A storm follows: but finally it is decided that for the sake of the children, and of the party, a scandal must be avoided. There will be no duel, but Richard will deliver the great speech which he is preparing on the sanctity of marriage, and will then end his life. Honour will thus be satisfied. Richard's speech is an immense success. Beata comes to bid him good-bye, and discovers in the course of conversation that he has his career at heart, and that, though he will die, he will not die willingly. Suddenly the issue dawns upon her. Like Porphyria's lover, she "found a thing to do." Honour shall be satisfied: the altar shall have its meed of blood. But the sacrifice shall be a substituted one, and it is Beata, not Richard, that will die. The task is made easy for her, since she has long suffered from heart disease. She takes poison, and her death is put down to natural causes; but she leaves a letter for Michael, who accepts the substitution, and Richard's career is not cut short.

As I said, it is a little difficult to understand the code of honour upon which the action turns. Up to a certain point, of course, it is clear enough, although, except in

"Junker" circles, the growing moral consciousness of humanity has tended to discard it. You take a man's wife. The wrong can only be wiped out by blood; and whether it is your blood or his, is indifferent. But it is, I must confess, a new idea to me that the woman's death could be sufficient to clear the score between the two men, and make further blood-letting unnecessary. And if one cannot accept this, a good deal of the latter part of the play naturally fails to convince. It is, however, fair to say that I do not think that it is Sudermann's primary object to attack, or to defend, or even to state the code. He merely assumes it. The dramatic issue, as the title of the play suggests, lies rather in the general attitude of the two principal characters towards life. Beata von Kellinghausen has drunk her life to the dregs. She has lived every moment of it; has loved with her whole being, has renounced, has made her husband and children happy, has been the inspiration of a great political party; and goes to meet death with a spirit which makes the act of dying only an ultimate manifestation of life itself. She drinks her cup of poison to the toast of "The Joy of Life." Richard von Volkerlingk, on the other hand, fails at the critical moment. He shirks the responsibilities which his own acts have brought upon him. His grip upon life is not firm enough to enable him to die. He recognises this himself when Beata's letter is read, for his last words, as the curtain falls, are: "I may live, because I am dead."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Some Small Shows.

THE art of Mr. Macaulay Stevenson is very unlike the art of Mr. Thomas Way, and the exhibitions of their work are far apart. One is being held at the Bruton Gallery, near Hyde Park, the other at Clifford's Inn Hall, near Fleet Street, and in the journey between the two galleries the visitor is able to recover the necessary freshness of eye. Mr. Stevenson offers poetical impressions of French scenery, Mr. Way industrious lithographs of old London buildings. Still further away, at Mr. Baillie's Gallery in Bayswater, Mr. Gordon Craig is showing some interesting and suggestive designs for stage scenery and costumes, and Mr. Laurence Housman a series of drawings.

The name of Mr. Macaulay Stevenson is not, I think, familiar to the general public. A picture by him would not provoke such a pretty newspaper war as Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Two Crowns" has aroused in the "Daily Chronicle," apropos of that journal's forcible articles on the administration of the Chantrey Bequest. But Mr. Stevenson has not lacked honours. A card placed in my hands at the Bruton Gallery prints a list of his medals, the collections in which he is represented, and the exhibitions where he has shown pictures. This formidable list is a somewhat overweighty introduction to his dreamy landscapes, almost monotonous in their misty beauty, seen with Corot's eyes, but not with Corot's strength and substance wrought into them. The air is never clear in Mr. Stevenson's pictures; his days are never bright and bracing. A few thin trees, a winding river, banks of a delicate green, all bathed in a humid mist, blurring the outlines, but not narrowing the distance—in such terms Mr. Stevenson sees the Seine country. He is a landscapist pure and simple; so indifferent is he to the presence of man in the fair country he paints that the picture called "The Convent Bell" was quite a surprise. Here again is the winding river, again the reflections, again the slender trees; but on the river bank are the quiet outlines of the convent

buildings, set in their right place, silent, but sharing in the peace of the scene, and giving to it a note of unobtrusive realism.

Peace there is too, and patience and perseverance in Mr. Way's lithographs, numbering nearly two hundred, of old buildings in London and the suburbs. Never the new beetling erections, never those soaring edifices in stone or ruddy brick that start to the Londoner's eye four-square, finished, on the day the hoardings are removed. For him the old brown buildings—houses, shops, gateways, palaces—that have outlived so many storms, so many tenants, and now, in these summer days, bask lazily in the sun. Mr. Way's industry is colossal. For twelve years he has been drawing these old buildings, and publishing the lithographs in stately volumes. Four of these volumes have been out of print for years, many of the buildings from which the drawings were made have disappeared, and the Hall of Clifford's Inn in which they hang, with a history of five hundred years behind it, is now awaiting sentence. Meanwhile, for a week or so, these lithographs hang on the walls of the old Hall. They are not informed by any spirit of architectural sensitiveness or gaiety—conscientious, instantly recognisable, these presentments of a house in Wych Street, the Greycoat School, Westminster, the "Red Cow," Hammersmith, the old Palace of Richmond, butchers' shops in Aldgate, and so on, are just the aspects of the buildings that the ordinary traveller about London sees, looks at lazily, and perhaps, if he is in the way of noticing the romantic or the picturesque in architecture, says to a companion—"That's rather jolly." Mr. Way draws for the man in the street who likes pictures in books, or in frames, to represent things as they are, without fal-lals or temperamental fripperies.

Mr. Gordon Craig has not the least desire to represent things as they are, but in his designs for stage scenery and costumes at Mr. Baillie's gallery in Bayswater there is an imaginative quality that I find very attractive. Many of these designs have been reproduced on the stage: some are new. In their black mounts and black frames these quaint, brisk drawings, touched lightly with colour, start the imagination into all manner of pleasant vagaries. Mr. Way draws by the outward eye, Mr. Craig by the inner. Only the inner eye could have seen the romance of royalty as Mr. Craig has seen it in "A King and a Queen" from "The Masque of Love, 1901," a sort of gathering up of all the fairy tales one has read about kings and queens all the inconsequent human history of men and women with crowns upon their heads, and hearts within their vestments. I doubt if any stage king and queen could ever imply the romance of royalty as do these two striding figures, the bearded King crowned, the young Queen crowned, their bodies hidden in their heavy, flying robes, bordered with flowers. It is a mere sketch, but for me it carried a world of suggestion. Another drawing is labelled simply "A Scene for Shakespeare." Facing the audience is a balcony, and bending over it, looking down upon a plain or a courtyard, are nine or ten figures. You see only their backs, but looking up where they look down, you also see the points of moving lances and a swaying banner. That is all, but these few lances and that solitary banner suggest a mighty army passing beneath, for you see with the eyes of those nine or ten figures leaning over the balcony. Surely this drawing shows the right instinct for stage management. Banner and lances have only to pass and repass, and the illusion of a host of men defiling beneath the battlements is complete. Maeterlinck can suggest the very heart of mystery and terror with two figures talking in a wood, and the hint of a third hiding behind a tree. Sudermann can sweep the tragic chords, and still the audience to breathless silence with some chatter in a back parlour; and a few lances and a banner, in the design of a man who has the seeing, dramatic eye can evoke an army corps. I read in a contemporary that Mr. Gordon Craig's

stage scenes and costumes for "Bethlehem" were "from the scenic standpoint a failure." To me they were the vital part of that miracle play. I remember it by reason of the stage pictures, and it was the stage pictures that lingered in my mind long after I had forgotten the plot and the dramatic intention of "Sword and Song."

Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of "Bethlehem," is also showing a number of drawings at this gallery. They are a little too formal and laboured for my taste, and I infinitely prefer the sketch for his "Shadowed Doorway" to the finished design. Mr. Housman is at his best in his St. Francis drawings. There is intensity and a haunting quality about his "St. Francis Saying Grace." Here feeling and imagination have met, and the hour in the artist's life was propitious. I thought about this modest little drawing on my way back to Bond Street, where at Mr. Paterson's gallery a collection of Dutch pictures is on view. There I found two significant works, one a still life design by Wilhem Kalf, who has been dead since 1693—a loaf, cups, a pipe, some fruits of the earth which I have never eaten, and a piece of drapery, blue-green, hanging in folds, painted so beautifully that it was a delight to sit in a chair and look at it quietly, forgetful of the wind outside, and the crowds who were waiting to welcome President Loubet. The other picture was a chubby, ugly baby fastened in a nursery chair. The painter was Samuel van Hoogstraeten, who flourished, more or less, in the seventeenth century, and—well, he knew how to paint.

C. L. H.

Science.

Swimming.

SYSTEMATICALLY and grandiosely named, this subject falls under two heads, those of flotation and of natation proper. It is possible, of course, to swim under water, but the first question to consider is how one's head may at all be kept above water; thereafter arises the further problem of locomotion.

The initial question is one of specific gravity, which we may call the relation of the mass of the body to its volume. A ship floats when the volume of water which she displaces by her presence is equal in mass—or we may say, in weight—to her own. The human body, as a whole, displaces a volume of water of less than its own weight and therefore tends to sink. In other words, its specific gravity is higher than that of water: hence the problem of flotation. If we come to consider the various parts of the body it is found that the head is the deciding factor. The rest of the body would float of itself. Not only is the head the heaviest part, but it is that which, from the necessity for respiration, must be kept above water. The more of the head that is submerged, the easier is the problem of flotation, water affording it far more support than air. The swimmer, therefore, will often plunge his head into the more buoyant medium, and thereby help to obviate the difficulty of its weight, besides utilising it as a prow.

But a fish is under the same imperative necessity to breathe as ourselves. It is not compelled to keep its heavy skull above water, because it can inspire the oxygen which is dissolved in the water itself. Even at the ocean bottom, two or five miles deep, it can obtain, in the Atlantic, oxygen which has been dissolved in the superficial waters of the Pole—waters so cold that they sink as they travel to warmer latitudes and carry the life-sustaining element to the denizens of the "Deep's untrampled floor." The gills of the fish expose its blood to the oxygen-containing water, only a thin membrane intervening, and the gaseous

interchange is thus accomplished, in precisely the same fashion as between the air and the blood in our lungs.

By the minimum of muscular exertion—less, of course, in sea-water, with its greater specific gravity, than in fresh water—the swimmer is enabled to remain near the surface. In identical fashion does the bird support itself in the air, though at the expenditure of far more muscular energy. And as the science of aeronautics has lately taught us, dirigibility and motor power are only attainable if the object be heavier than the supporting medium. M. Santos-Dumont will tell you that the only means of success in aerial navigation is the adoption of the "heavier than air" principle. Similarly in swimming. No voluntary progress could be made—swimming would be impossible—if the human body were not heavier than water.

Before considering the muscular problem I should like for one moment to revert to the feat of swimming under water. I have not the records at hand, but I believe one hundred yards have frequently been swum under water, and certainly more than four minutes have been spent under water without evil consequences. But it is quite useless to attempt the emulation of these feats unless you know the secret. If you desire to win a plate-diving competition by bringing up fifty or sixty plates from the bottom of a bath at one immersion you must first acquaint yourself with an interesting physiological fact. It is possible to hyper-aerate the blood. Before diving you must take a number of long and rapidly-succeeding breaths, far in excess of present need. Your blood is thereby stored with sufficient oxygen for several minutes, and if you are active and have learnt to keep your eyes open under water you have a fair chance of victory. The same thing may easily be produced in an anaesthetized animal, by inflating its lungs with a pair of bellows. It will entirely cease to breathe for several minutes. There is simply no occasion. It is the production of this state, technically known as *apnoea*, which is the secret of successful long submersion.

The young of man, almost alone amongst animals, has to learn to swim. Nevertheless he is at a great advantage as compared with such an animal as the dog which has no such extended surface as the human hand wherewith to propel himself. A demonstration of this simple mechanical fact is well afforded by an exhibition of swimming with large plates strapped on the hands and feet, wherewith a single stroke will propel the swimmer for yards.

The act of swimming, as a feat of nervous co-ordination, is a simple one for the obvious reason that it is symmetrical. Any pianist knows the difficulty of playing triplets with one hand and quavers with the other. So in all muscular action. In a symmetrical act such as swimming the two halves of the brain act in entire unison, the left or "leading" cerebral hemisphere (in right-handed persons) actuating the right arm and leg, and simply saying to the right half, "Do as I do." This is assuming what is unproven but probable, that the volitional centre is in the "leading" hemisphere. Why each half of the brain should control the opposite half of the body is another question.

One of the virtues of swimming is that it tends to develop all the muscles equally. Herein it is superior to cycling or Association football, which neglect the arms, to tennis, which ignores one arm and develops "tennis elbow" in the other, and even to cricket which ignores the left arm except in batting. Not that for one moment do I desire to support the modern crazes which give appropriate exercises to develop every muscle—or every muscle known to the inventor—and which therein defy the fiat of evolution which is relegating some muscles, now useless, to a well-earned obscurity. The muscles of the foot were formerly indispensable to our arboreal ancestors, but are quite superfluous in a plantigrade pedestrian mode of life. Swimming promotes the muscular development with some sense of proportion, but expends

no time in raising absurd lumps of hypertrophied muscle—hideous and useless—in all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

Swimming naturally suggests the manner of handling a drowning person, which is perhaps not, in the ordinary sense, scientific; and the means of resuscitating persons apparently drowned. The whole question of artificial respiration is now being experimentally studied by Prof. Schäfer in Edinburgh at the instance of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and we may hope for a final dictum as to the method which is most likely to restore the natural action of the respiratory centre of the brain in such cases.

The high value of swimming as an exercise is complicated by the exposure of the skin to a medium of much lower temperature than itself. Generally speaking, it may be laid down that the value of a sea-bath is in inverse proportion to its length. The shorter the dip, the more marked is the healthy reaction of the circulation and the cutaneous functions. Of course, one is rapidly losing heat to the water all the time, and beyond a certain point this is undesirable. (The hen is immune to anthrax: but stand a hen with its feet in cold water and then inoculate the bacilli. The hen will become infected.) If this loss of heat be compensated by the evolution of much heat as a result of muscular action, as in swimming, one can afford to stay in much longer. None of the salts of sea-water are absorbed. The skin is absolutely water-proof—one of its most important functions. It is not well to bathe after a heavy meal nor whilst perspiring: and cramp—muscular spasm induced by cold—may be avoided by not staying in too long. If you come out of your machine with blue lips and chattering jaws you have done yourself more harm than good. The human supply of fat is not sufficient to be as effective a non-conductor of heat as is the blubber of the whale and the few other warm-blooded mammals whose ancestors were driven back to the sea—where all life began—by their competitors long ages ago. C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Tennyson's Suppressed Poems.

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY* of 4th inst. the "Bookworm" has referred to my projected issue of all Tennyson's suppressed poems. He rightly points out that only the poems published before 1862 can be reprinted; but only one poem by Tennyson published after that date has been suppressed: this is "1865-6," published in "Good Words" in March 1868. With this exception all Tennyson's suppressed poems will be included in my forthcoming issue of the "Avon Booklet." Several of these poems have never been reprinted; one has never hitherto been identified as Tennyson's, though unmistakably his. Others, including several of the poems specified by the "Bookworm," are reprinted in Tennyson's "Life" in an amended or mangled form. Several others are included in a little volume issued three years ago by Mr. J. R. Tutin. Mr. Churton Collins has included in the appendix to his "Early Poems of Tennyson" all the poems finally rejected from the volumes of 1830 and 1832. But though he makes the most trivial emendations in these poems the subject of footnotes, with strange inconsistency he ignores entirely Tennyson's uncollected contributions to periodicals. With the example of the official "Life" before me, in which has been printed so much that Tennyson deemed unworthy of publication, I do not think the proposal to reprint poems which Tennyson did at one time deem worthy of publication need arouse anything but interest.

May I appeal to your readers for assistance? In an article on Tennyson's Early Poems in the "Fortnightly Review" for October 1865, reference is made to a poem

by Tennyson, "Arm, Arm, Arm," published about 1852. This I can trace nowhere, nor is it mentioned in any bibliography. Is it not a confusion with "Form, Riflemen, Form"?—Yours, &c.,

Warwick.

THE PUBLISHER "AVON BOOKLET."

"Sinfì Lovell" and "Rhona Boswell."

SIR,—The excellent remarks in the *ACADEMY* of 27 June upon the subject of actual portraiture in fiction, apropos of "Sinfì Lovell" and "Rhona Boswell," have elicited this week an equally excellent letter from your correspondent, "J., St. Ives." For some reason or another there seems to be an unusual amount of curiosity in regard to the identity of these two gypsy girls. It is not merely that the published enquiries upon the subject may be numbered by hundreds, but I am constantly receiving letters from unknown correspondents asking whether the two characters are portraits. There was, however, nothing "cryptic" (as "J." suggests) in my replies to the late Jean Ingelow and to Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, and I certainly did not intend to "play hide and seek in that satisfactory ambush, actual type." "Sinfì Lovell" and "Rhona Boswell" are portraits, and yet they are types—types of two entirely different kinds of Romany Chi; and there is nothing self-contradictory in this statement. When "Gypsy Smith" says, as he is constantly doing, in the pulpit, that Sinfì Lovell is "the truest portrait of a gypsy girl ever painted," he is considering the character as a type merely. For he never knew her. But when on my first describing Sinfì in the "Athenæum" (long before the publication of "Aylwin"), the most eminent gypsologist then living, who was then a stranger to me, wrote and told me that he at once "recognised the girl," he was considering her as an individual merely. And so with regard to Rhona Boswell, in "The Coming of Love," Jean Ingelow having been drawn strongly to this character, and, knowing a good deal of humble life herself, saw something in Rhona's first love letter, when it appeared in the "Athenæum," which made her feel pretty sure that the missive of which the poem gave a versification was, as she said, "a real letter." And yet the character of Rhona Boswell is so entirely representative of a certain type of Romany Chi that the late F. H. Groome in "Gypsy Folk Tales" gives an anecdote characteristic of Rhona's peculiar kind of self-pleasing whim. Indeed, everyone who read Groome's anecdote felt sure that the gypsy girl in question was none other than Rhona's very self. "The plain man" (says J.) "cannot connect types and actuality without a severe mental strain." Does he realize that there is not in the whole range of criticism a more interesting question than the one he here raises? Volumes might be written about characters drawn by the great masters in fiction, such as Scott, Thackeray, George Meredith, Hardy, and others, that are at once types and individualities. As the *ACADEMY* is in the habit of going into first principles, I wonder that the matter has not before now been threshed out in its columns.—Yours, &c.,

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 198 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of a Summer Evening, either in prose or verse. We award the prize to Mrs. Wills-Harper, 24, Canning Street, Liverpool, for the following:—

From the meadows came the sound of the hay-makers and the "gee-woo-ah" of the waggoner. The long shadows on the grass deepened into purple distance. In a thicket a blackbird welled out his evensong of praise. On the gables the swallows' ecstatic throb rose up through the ether. Over the grey stone wall trailed masses of York and Lancaster roses. In a corner of the garden a great bush

of sweetbriar mingle its perfume with lad's love and sweet pea. Peeping into the dormer windows, the honeysuckle seemed to breathe all the summers of the centuries the glorious world had ever known. Flame-coloured clouds in the West changed through a phantasmagoria of shades to opal, then again to the clear blue green of a robin's egg. A star came out low in the western horizon. The tramp, tramp of tired feet, and the merry clatter of women and girl's voices, follow the last load of hay into the rick yard. Wooden bottles clink against delf mugs, a trailing of chain cart traces across the stone yard. Iron latches clank into their sockets. A munching of oats in the stables. The thud of barn door bars. Heavy boots clamber up the garret stairs. The thatch on the roof crackles like an old man's laugh (perhaps in memory of the summer when it was young).

Down in the meadows the shrews whistle gaily to each other, that once more they are in possession. The beetle drones his evensong. Great white moths like the ghosts of dead butterflies sweep slowly and stately by.

The high grey green stack that has just been harvested seems to breathe and live again, as the dews arise and encircle it. Upwards towards the Lover's moon rises its perfume like incense from fields which the Lord had blessed.

Other replies follow :—

All day a clinging mist did hide
The mountains high, the valley wide,
The earth was like a weeping bride.
"But will the Bridegroom lift the veil,
Or will all gracious usage fail—
The Bride unkiss'd, forlorn, and pale?"
Though rob'd in midsummer she pass'd unkiss'd—
No sunbeam brook'd the dead white mist
Which light itself could not resist.
Nor had we known the day's decline
But for an ancient pagan sign
Which claim'd the eve to be divine.
Beneath us, ere the day was done,
Here, there, more conquering than the sun
Flar'd up the bonfires of St. John.

[C. H. M.]

Spaces of glimmering silver, spaces of beryl green
Fading blue and deepening rose the linden boughs between,
Jubilant thrushes calling, while twilight veils are falling
Across the western roses their fervent fires to screen.

White throats amid the vespers of wrens and robins call,
Moths quit the shadowy shelter of ivy on the wall,
The spider stops her spinning, for her leisure time's beginning
And filmed across with dewdrops are the hangings of her hall.
Grey clouds invade the silver, the green they overrun;
There is no stain of crimson where lately died the sun.
Time's finger that was lifted, falls, and a point has shifted
Upon the dial of the earth: another day is done.

[N. C., London.]

A sky of veiled light: a languorous rest from aching heats:
crystal stars in the dark bowl of heaven: and a tender sadness
brooding upon the earth.

[B. C. H., London.]

Competition No. 199 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best prose description of any River. Not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 15 July, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Newbolt (Rev. W. C. E.), <i>The Cardinal Virtues</i>(Brown)	3/6
Nicoll (Rev. W. Robertson), <i>Edited by, The Expositor</i> . Vol. VII. (Hodder and Stoughton)	7/6
Hayford (Rev. Mark C.), <i>West Africa and Christianity</i> (Baptist Tract Society) net	2/6
Ford (Harold), <i>The Decadence of Preaching</i>(Stock) net	2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Fiske (Isabella Howe), <i>A Field of Folk</i>(Badger, U.S.A.)	\$1.00
Hayward (Edward F.), <i>The Mothers</i>	\$0.75
Powell (H. Arthur), <i>Young Ivy on Old Walls</i>	"
Cather (Willis Sibert), <i>April Twilights</i>	\$1.00
Adams (Mary M.), <i>The Song of Midnight</i>	\$1.50
Trask (Katrina), <i>Sonnets and Lyrics</i>	"
Challis (James Courtney), <i>Indian Summer</i>	"
Jackson (Katherine H. McDonald), <i>Summer Songs in Idleness</i> (Kummer (H. Talbot), <i>Semanoud</i>)	\$1.00
Waddington (Horace), <i>Fifty Sonnets</i>(Brimley Johnson) net	2/6
Köler (Wilhelm), <i>Are the Critics Right?</i>(Religious Tract Society)	2/6
Coley (Sherwin), <i>A Selection from the Best English Essays</i>(McClurg) net	\$1.00
Ash (Valentine), <i>Poems</i>(Richards) net	5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Chambers (E. K.), <i>The Medieval Stage</i> . 2 Vols.....(Clarendon Press) net	25/0
Bodley (John Edward Courtenay), <i>The Coronation of Edward the Seventh</i> (Methuen) net	21/0
Matthews (John Hobson), <i>Cardiff Records</i> . Vol. IV.....(Sotheran)	"
Snow (Rt. Rev. Abbott), <i>Sketches of Old Downside</i>(Sands) net	5/0
Growell (A.), <i>Three Centuries of English Booktrade Bibliography</i>(Low) net	21/0
Chamberlain (Arthur B.), <i>Thomas Gainsborough</i>(Duckworth) net	2/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Gray (Andrew), <i>A Pilgrimage to Bible Lands</i>(Skeffington)	3/6
Leyland (John), <i>The Shakespear Country Illustrated</i>(Newnes) net	3/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cutts (John), <i>The Witness of Science to the Method of Christ's Kingdom</i> (Hygienic Publishing Agency)	
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EDUCATIONAL.

Merrill (Elmer Truesdell), <i>Selected Letters of the Younger Pliny</i>(Macmillan)	6/0
Platt (Arthur), <i>Edited by, The Iliad of Homer</i> . Book XVIII.....(Blackie)	1/6
Morgan (R. B.), <i>Elementary Graphs</i>	1/6
Warner (George Townsend), <i>Name Lists for Repetition</i>	1/6
Clarke (G. H.), <i>Labiche's Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon</i>	0/8
Cotterill (H. B.), <i>Edited by, The Nibelungenlied</i>	0/6
Harvey (W. F.), <i>Edited by, Danish Self-Taught</i>(Marlborough)	2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Praga (Mrs. Alfred), <i>Cookery and Housekeeping</i>(Chapman and Hall) net	5/0
Wrixon (Sir Henry), <i>Jacob Shumate</i> . 2 Vols.....(Macmillan) net	21/0
Brown (James Duff), <i>Manual of Library Economy</i> (Scott, Greenwood & Co.) net	7/6
Ford (Sewell), <i>Horses Nine</i>(Newnes)	6/0
Booth (Charles), <i>Life and Labour of the People in London</i> . Final Volume (Macmillan) net	5/0
Walters (D. F.), <i>Francis Vane; A Labourer</i>(Sonnenstien)	3/6
Grieve (Ed. B.), <i>How to Become a Commercial Traveller</i>(Unwin)	1/0
Van Vorst (Mrs. John and Marie), <i>The Woman Who Tolls</i>(Richards)	6/0
March (Eleanor), <i>Three Naughty Elves</i>(Liberty) net	1/0
"T. P.'s Weekly." Vol. I.....	

NEW EDITIONS.

Lytton (Lord), <i>Night and Morning</i>(Nelson) net	2/0
Lamb's Works.....(Newnes) net	3/6
Hunt (Leigh), <i>Dante's Divine Comedy</i>	2/6
Kingsley (Henry), <i>Ravenshoe</i>(Ward, Lock)	0/6

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